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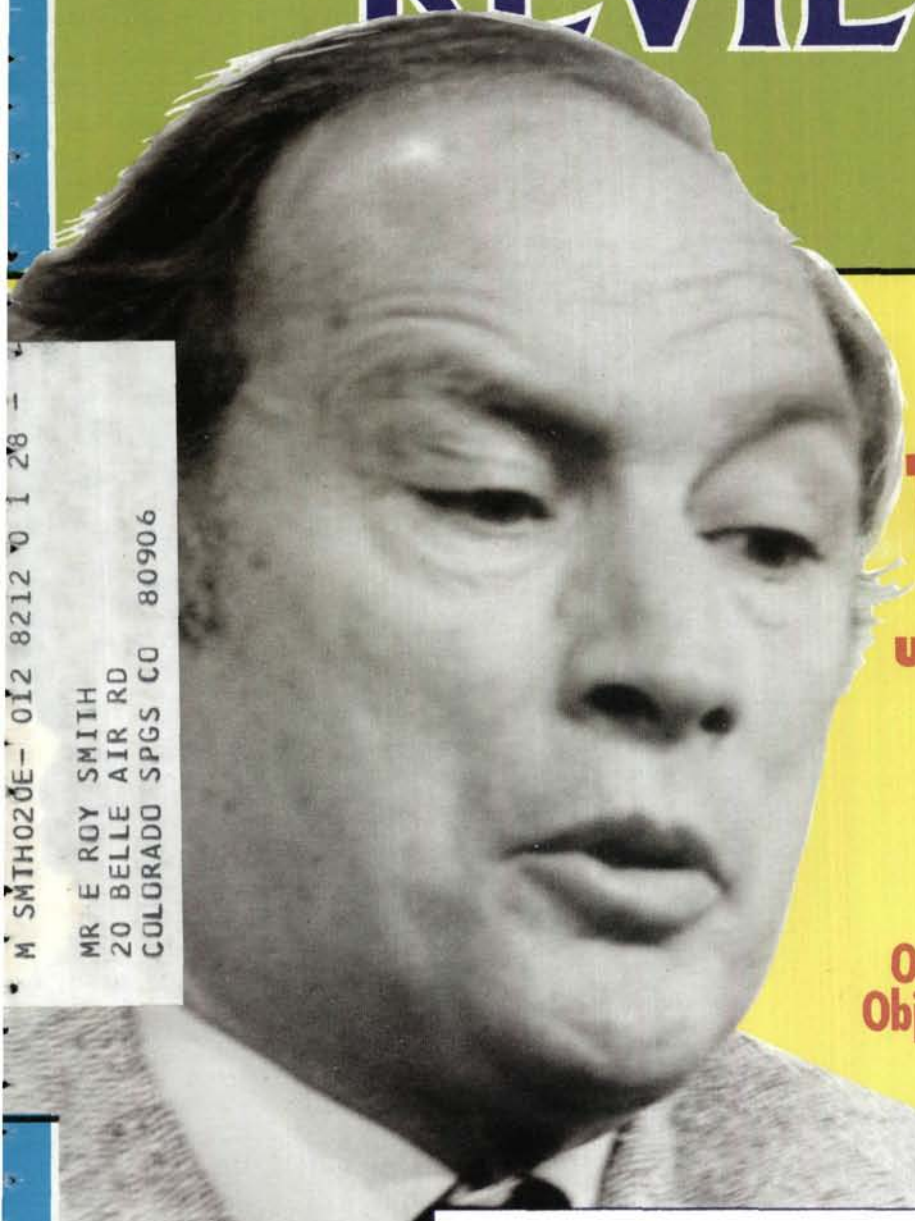
JUNE 25, 1982

n McLaughlin asks:
RE WE RIGHT ABOUT
HE FALKLANDS? —see page 748

NATIONAL REVIEW



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PIERRE TRUDEAU's

Le problème non-pénétré

unpenetrated problem.

de Pierre Trudeau.

He is a dogmatist.

Il est dogmatiste.

LUBOR J. ZINK

Onward Christian Conscientious Objectors JAMES V. SCHALL, SJ

. . . and from the lonely, windswept beaches outside Troy, S. L. Varnado, Ptolemy Rathers, Menelaus Mudd, and the Alpha Beta Zeta news team bring you the latest on The Horse . . .

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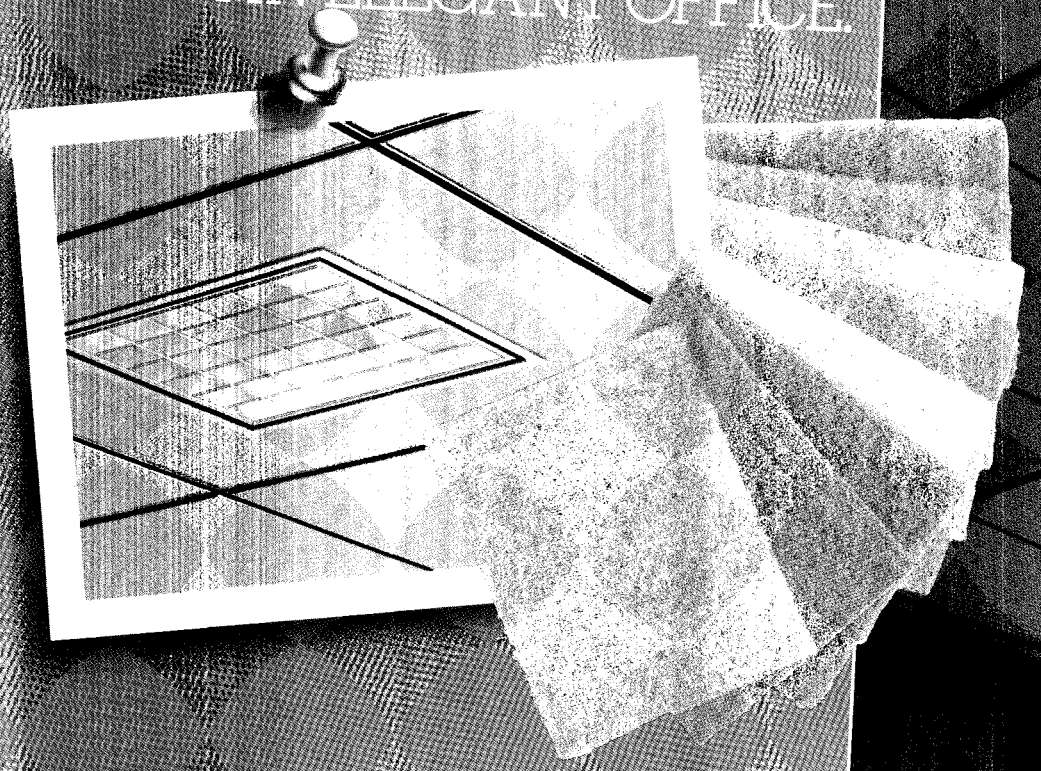

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NATIONAL REVIEW

JUNE 25, 1982
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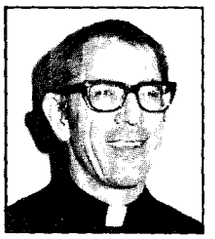

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Canada's Leader

751 The Unpenetrated Problem of Pierre Trudeau
After 13 years in office, Canada's prime minister remains a man of mystery—but mostly because his self-revelations have been ignored. He has named his three heroes: Harold Laski, Machiavelli, and Mao. He has spelled out his vision of a "new society." He has described the tactics necessary to manipulating "obtuse voters." His grand strategy has been consistent. Herewith a look at his past, minus the playboy glitter. *Lubor J. Zink*

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A price is the point of agreement between buyer and seller. A politician is one who takes exception to that point. *Tom Bethell*

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The American Catholic hierarchy has been publicly drifting toward pacifism, and a lot of helpful publicity agents have made the most of it. But there is a deeper Catholic tradition, one that holds that defending the innocent is somehow different from attacking them, and it is beginning to reassert itself. *James V. Schall, SJ*

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On-the-spot reporting about that big horse on the Trojan coast and an assessment of Administration claims that it may be harboring alleged Greek soldiers. *S. L. Varnado*

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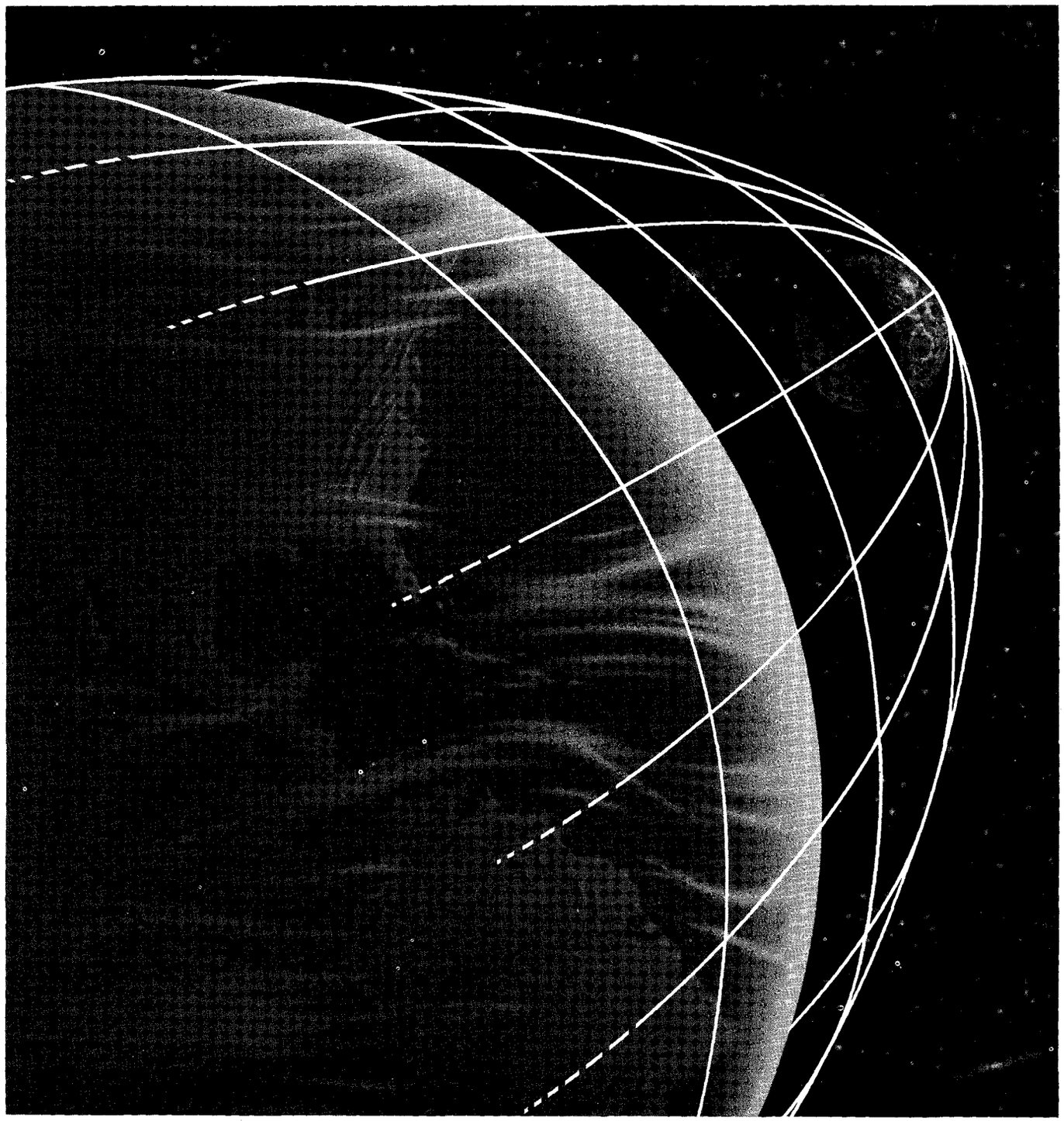

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Letters

A Gold Standard

So it's official: Jack Kemp is the golden boy of the conservative movement ["Talking Back to the Skeptics," June 11]. One skeptical question, if I may. The bulk of the world's new gold is mined in South Africa and the Soviet Union these days. We hardly speak to South Africa, and the Soviets never speak honestly to us. Does this throw a kink into the gold bugs' plans?

Bob Terwilliger
Tonawanda, N.Y.

Naming Names

I enjoyed Tom Bethell's civilized quarrel with my *Greed Is Not Enough: Reaganomics* ["Lekachman Is Not Enough," May 28]. He challenges me to name the greedy. If we exclude William French Smith's "adventurous" use of tax shelters on the ground that it is excessively anecdotal, let me nominate the principal officers of the 288 major corporations surveyed by *Business Week* (May 10) who awarded themselves average increases in compensation in 1981 over 1980 of 15.9 per cent as consolation, I don't doubt, for the distress of their furloughed employees and disgruntled stockholders; and the ten mutual life insurance company executives who collected 1981 increases ranging from a low of 34 per cent to a high of 49 per cent (*Wall Street Journal*, May 10). To conserve this journal's space and to protect the guilty, I shall not list the several hundred names on these two lists. But those interested need only consult my two sources, neither of them subversive, for the details.

Robert Lekachman
New York, N.Y.

Letter from Canada

Your editorial "Canada: Rotting Hill" ["The Week," April 16] in a few short paragraphs summarizes the ills facing this country.

It is fitting that Canada is the premier example of the "economic and social consensus"—a phrase coined by one of this country's most notable experts: J. K. Galbraith. Galbraith describes this consensus as consisting of three main points of agreement among liberals, conservatives, and socialists: 1) macroeconomic management, 2) government services where the private sector "defaults," and 3) government services that "smooth the harsh edges of capitalism." While this consensus is being dismantled in the United States, in Canada it remains unassailed because, as you point out, there is no effective opposition.

The Progressive Conservative (PC) Party (Progressive Conservative is a name similar to Holy Roman Empire—merely wishful thinking with no real descriptive value: the party is neither progressive nor conservative) is controlled by a group known as the "Red Tories." They have few new ideas, and, despite their reflex opposition to anything proposed by the Liberals, they remain firmly committed to the consensus. One generally does not hear a note of discord emerging from PCs when Canadian liberals and media discuss American conservatives, Mr. Reagan, and supply-side economics with amused condescension.

The province of Ontario has had a PC government since 1943. It has been a de facto one-party state longer than Poland. The Liberals and New Democrats (socialists) fight to see which will have the honor of being Her Majesty's Loyal But Perpetual Opposition. You might think then that Ontario would be a bastion of free enterprise and free-wheeling capitalism. You would be wrong. The Ontario government is a bloated bureaucracy; the illuminati remain entrenched, the consensus remains intact. This despite the fact that the Ontario Health Insurance Plan (the government-run universal compulsory medicare plan—established by a PC government), which one sometimes hears described as the paragon of universal medicare by American liberals, is on the verge of collapse: doctors have been leaving the system, some have left the country, and those remaining recently were on strike.

Although Canada is rich in natural resources, especially oil and gas, the energy industry is now stagnant, thanks to the "National Energy Program"—the Liberal program of increasing intrusion, control, and nationalization of the petroleum industry. (The federal government now owns an oil company, Petro-Canada. Not to be outdone, the Ontario PC government bought a controlling interest in Suncor; a recent independent analysis shows that they paid about twice what they should have. Let us hope there are no Brooklyn Bridge salesmen in town.) Hence western Canada, which was once at the crest of an oil boom, is now slipping into stagnation; the liberals again prove that the power to tax is the power to destroy.

As a result of this enlightened leadership, a separatist party has recently emerged in the West. It espouses capitalism and freedom and has recently even managed to get a member elected to a provincial legislature. It is indeed a pity when people believe that the only way they can escape the Liberal hegemony is

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OVERCOMING YOUR PSYCHOLOGICAL RESISTANCE TO SEAT BELTS MAY BE THE KEY.

The facts are startling. Experts estimate that almost half of all automobile occupant fatalities and many serious injuries might have been avoided if the people had been wearing seat belts. That's because most injuries occur when the car stops abruptly and the occupants are thrown against the car's interior or out of the car. Belts reduce this risk.

Many people say they know the facts, but they still don't wear belts. Their reasons range all over the lot: seat belts are troublesome to put on, they are uncomfortable, or they wrinkle your clothes. Some people even think getting hurt or killed in a car accident is a question of fate; and, therefore, seat belts don't matter.

If you're one of those people who don't use belts for one reason or another, please think carefully about your motivations. Are your objections to seat belts based on the facts or on rationalizations?

Here are a few of the common rationalizations. Many people say they are afraid of being trapped in a car by a seat belt. In fact, in the vast majority of cases, seat belts protect passengers from severe injuries, allowing them to escape more quickly. Another popular rationalization: you'll be saved by being thrown clear of the car. Here again, accident data have proved that to be untrue—you are almost always safer inside the car.

Some people use seat belts for highway driving, but rationalize it's not worth the trouble to buckle up for short trips. The numbers tell a different story: 80% of all automobile accidents causing serious injury or death involve cars traveling under 40 miles per hour. And three quarters of all collisions happen less than 25 miles from the driver's home.

When you're the driver, you have the psychological authority to convince all of the passengers that they should wear seat belts. It has been shown that in a car, the driver is considered to be an authority figure. A simple reminder from you may help save someone's life.

Another common myth: holding a small child in your arms will provide the child with sufficient protection during a crash. The safety experts disagree. They point out that even during a 30 mph collision, a 10-pound child can exert a 300-pound force against the parent's grip. So please make sure Child Restraint Systems are used for children who aren't old enough to use regular seat belts.

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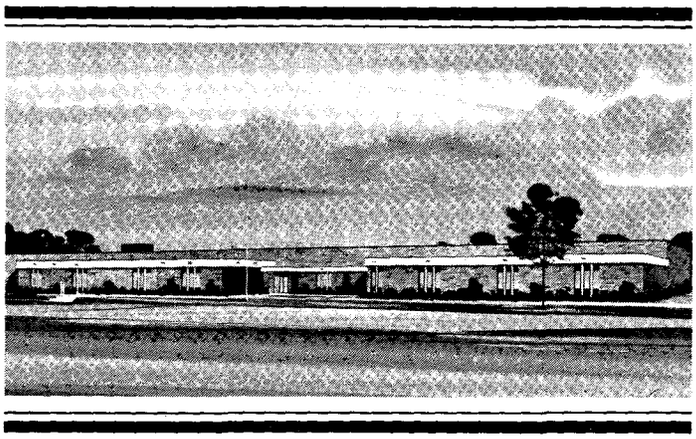

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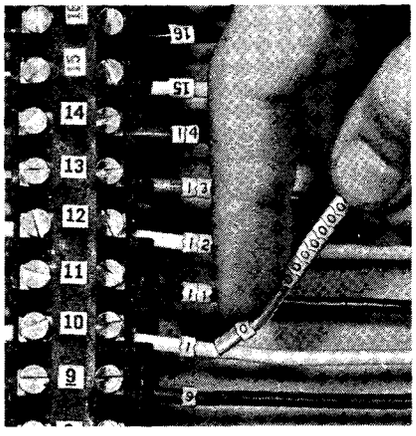

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by separating from the rest of the country.

However, even though in most provincial legislatures the Liberal Party is either non-existent or irrelevant and the federal party is slowly fading (there is now one Liberal member of Parliament from the western half of the country) the NDP and PCP will keep the consensus intact. Although the capital-*L* Liberals may, in a few years, disappear, the small-*l* liberals will remain pre-eminent. In Canada, "we are all Keynesians now" and the corollary, "we are all liberals now," remain the tacit but very real slogans of an alarming proportion of the politicians.

Ed Piotrowski
Thunder Bay, Ont.

An Appreciation

Thanks to Jeffrey Hart for sharing with *NR* readers his marvelous insights expressed so beautifully in his essay "Brideshead Indeed Revisited" [May 14]

Axtell Byles
La Veta, Colo.

The Vietnam Settlement

Brian Crozier ["The Protracted Conflict," April 30] asserts that in 1973 we made peace in Indochina ". . . strictly on Communist terms." This statement is patently false.

President Nixon waged war successfully in Indochina, despite war-weariness here at home. The combination of Vietnamization, the raids on the sanctuaries in Cambodia, the blockade and resumption of bombing of North Vietnam, and finally the December (1972) B-52 bombing of Hanoi forced the North Vietnamese to drop their previous terms of an unconditional withdrawal of all American troops while at the same time we were to overthrow the Thieu government.

President Nixon achieved peace with honor in 1973. We were able to settle on terms which gave the South Vietnamese a reasonable opportunity to survive the Communist threat.

Unfortunately, the American Congress, in 1975, betrayed our obligations by cutting off all aid to South Vietnam and broke faith with the more than fifty thousand Americans who had been killed in action there.

Melvyn James Suplee
Bellmawr, N.J.

Mr. Crozier's Reply

Mr. Suplee has a point. I plead guilty to a slight compression of history. Honesty makes me recognize that terms finally obtained by President Nixon and Henry Kissinger in 1973 were a good deal better than terms available before the resumption of bombing of North Vietnam and the raids on the sanctuaries in Cambodia.

Alas, Nixon and Kissinger were promising something which they could not deliver, having no control over the future ac-

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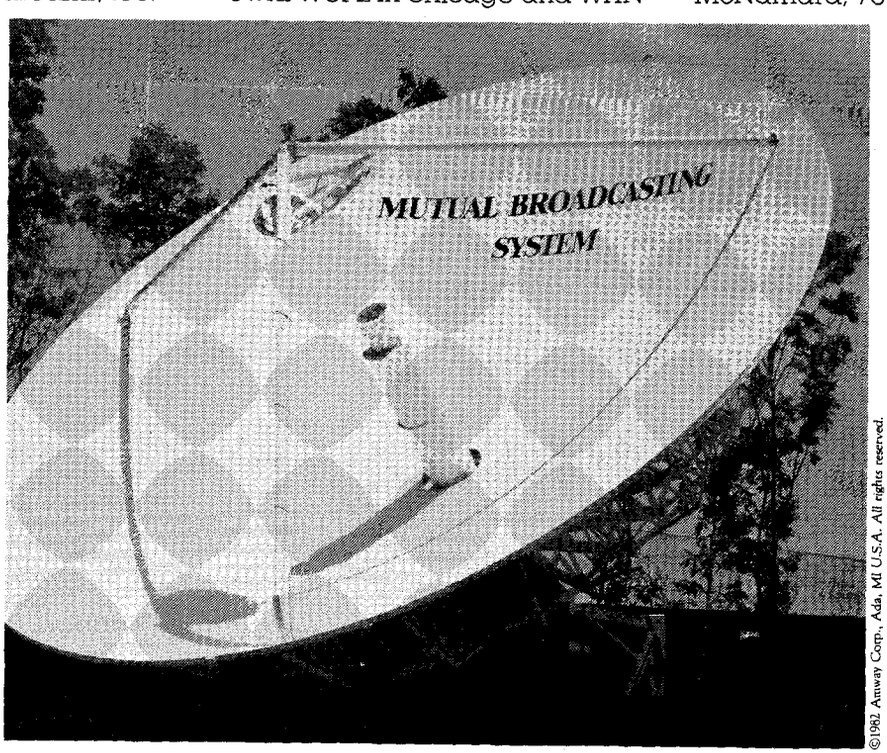
The success of Amway Corporation is proof that free enterprise can and will flourish today in any free society. To spread that belief, Amway established the Free Enterprise Institute. The Institute conducts seminars, workshops, and symposiums for students, educators, and business people at all levels of education and commerce.

If you would like to join in furthering the principles of free enterprise, write: Dr. Joseph McNamara, 7575 E. Fulton Rd., Ada, MI 49355.



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tions of an irresponsible Congress. Thus the relatively honorable terms achieved in Paris were vitiated by the democratic party system at its worse.

Pictures at an Institution

Doesn't your conscience bother you that you have apparently been unable to verify the statement that Alger Hiss's photo now graces Harvard's alumni hall of fame ["For the Record," March 6, 1981], yet you remain unwilling to admit, even privately, its incorrectness?

Thomas B. Lemann
New Orleans, La.

Student journalists we spoke to at the Harvard Salient *have not been able to track down either the Alger Hiss photograph or an alumni hall of fame. Our apologies.* —MS

Questionnaire

As an avid *NR* fan for only the past three years, I have never before felt compelled to write to you regarding something I had read in the magazine. But this time I can't wait until the next issue to find my questions posed more articulately by someone else (which also saves postage on my part). I am referring to the May 28 "Notes & Asides," wherein Mr. Rusher published certain "Information on Subscribers." I was quite surprised to find that only 16.1 per cent of *NR* subscribers were women. My queries are:

1. How many were polled, i.e., how many replied?
2. Was California included in the poll (being so far out west, just thought I'd ask)?
3. Was there a question on the survey asking if other members of the family read *NR* besides the subscriber?

Pam Mirau
Hollywood, Calif.

1. A random one thousand names from the entire subscriber list were polled; 741 replied.
2. California was, therefore, included.
3. There was no question about other family members. However, subscriptions are often taken in the name of the head-of-household; hence, no doubt, the overload of males. —WAR

Strategic vs. Moral Concerns

I was somewhat distressed by the spirit of a recent column by John McLaughlin ["Tilting toward Britain," May 28], in which it was suggested that certain practical considerations should be permitted to override our commitment to a very old and mostly loyal ally who was without question the victim of an act of overt aggression. Even disregarding the fact that purely practical considerations in this complex situation cut both ways, it seems strangely uncharacteristic that a conservative should fail to even mention the obvious moral aspect.

Gerald D. Prager
New Orleans, La.

Order One Now!

Although our interests lie in rolling back the Soviet Empire and not in quibbling over credit, I would like to point out to you that the poster mentioned in your June 11 "For the Record" ("The Soviet Union Needs You!/Support a U.S. Nuclear Freeze") is not the work of Students for Peace and Security—a worthy and notable group—but, rather, the College Republican National Committee. Indeed, the College Republicans have been attacked as "McCarthyites" by such troubadours of the Left as Mary McGrory and Congressman Edward Markey (D., Mass.). The poster is available to all fellow irresponsible "McCarthyites" at the following address: The College Republican National Committee, 310 First Street, S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003.

Jack Abramoff
Chairman
College Republican National Committee
Washington, D.C.

The House of Stuart

Friend Richard Brookhiser taxes me with confusing the Stuarts and Hanoverians ["Letters," April 30] in my article "Conservatism and the Founding Fathers" [April 2], but I'm afraid he misrepresents my words, which make the relevant distinction implicitly: "*Whatever else* 'Tory' may mean—can there really be partisans of the House of Stuart left—*in this connection* it means adhering to the view that George Washington was a traitor who should have been caught and executed. . . ." (Emphasis added.)

I must rebel at this, since taxation without representation is tyranny—even when it is the amiable taxation of an *NR* editor.

Charles R. Kesler
Cambridge, Mass.

Development Control

You have performed a substantial disservice to your readership by not exercising closer editorial examination of the report offered by Jeffery Nelligan ["California Coastline: Out of Control," April 16]. As a former member of the South Coastal Regional Commission (1973-79) and the State Commission (1974-78), I would like to offer a dissent.

Power for the control of development in the coastal zone was transferred to the Coastal Commissions because local government failed to exercise their powers in this region in a responsible manner. Even so, extraordinary efforts were made to minimize the problems of the home builder in the coastal zone via categorical exclusions, transfer of control to local building departments, and other measures following the passage of the Coastal Act of 1976. While the Coastal Commission has approved of the vast majority of development applications received (over 95 per cent), ranging from remodeling to offshore oil drilling and coastally situated power plants, there are some instances wherein the development will either result in unforeseen problems caused by the developer or excessive costs and impacts upon public resources. It is in these latter cases that the proper power of government to regulate development may be made to apply. Still, adverse decisions in the individual case may be litigated; however, in the majority of instances the decision of the Commission with regard to the individual project has been affirmed by the courts.

While California has the most complex shoreline of any of these United States and the greatest diversity of planning issues, the public in this state has attempted to meet the goals and objectives of the Federal Coastal Zone Management Act which requires coastal plans for all of the coastal states. This process has been in violent conflict with developers proposing projects which will cost the public more than they will return in tax revenue and in many cases may cost the individuals who buy into poorly planned developments. It is both for firmly based economic reasons in the public and private sectors as well as sound environmental practices that regulation of coastal development can be supported in California today.

Rimmon C. Fay
Venice, Calif.

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FOR THE RECORD

■ June 9: The bad news in New Jersey was that conservative supply-sider **Jeff Bell** lost to Rep. **Millicent Fenwick** in the senatorial primary. The good news is that Mrs. Fenwick is given far better chance than Bell to beat Democratic candidate **Frank Lautenberg**, a political neophyte who came from behind in nine-man Democratic field to win the nomination. . . . Incidentally, Rep. **James Courter**, the only Republican in the land to have won **Reagan**'s endorsement this year, slid in to easy victory over **Rodney Frelinghuysen** in New Jersey's 12th CD. . . . In California, San Diego Mayor **Pete Wilson** charged from behind in the last fortnight to cop Republican senatorial nomination from **Barry Goldwater Jr.**, which could be bad news for Gov. **Jerry Brown**, the Democratic primary winner. Last pre-primary **Mervin Field** matchup showed Wilson running 22 points ahead of Brown, whereas Barry Goldwater Jr. led him by only 12 points. . . . In gubernatorial race, Mayor **Tom Bradley** of Los Angeles won the Democratic nod, as expected. He'll face Attorney General **George Deukmejian**, which was unexpected. Deukmejian came from seven points behind in last week to beat out Lt. Gov. **Mike Curb**, very probably because of last-minute disclosure that Curb had been classified "medically, mentally, or morally unfit" for military service during the Vietnam War. Early polls have Bradley well ahead of Deukmejian now, but Deukmejian showed up as attractive, aggressive candidate against Curb. . . . Other big races: In Iowa, where Republican Gov. **Robert Ray** is retiring, the Democrats gave their primary votes to 31-year-old **Roxanne Conlin**, a liberal former U.S. Attorney and out-and-out feminist. Her GOP opponent: **Terry Branstad**. . . . In Ohio, it was too little and too late for conservative **William Ress**, who jumped

Clark, *Punch* Rothco

"My great hope for the future is money getting into the wrong hands."

in with write-in candidacy after tragic death of Rep. **John Ashbrook**. Ress had support of Ashbrook's widow, **Jean**, but prize went to moderate Republican **Paul Pfeifer**, who'll be taking on Democratic Sen. **Howard Metzenbaum**. . . . In the gubernatorial battle, Rep. **Clarence Brown** won GOP nomination from the more liberal **Seth Taft**.

■ In New York, as expected, the Liberal Party has given its nomination to Lt. Gov. **Mario Cuomo** over Mayor **Edward Koch**. That means there will be at least three candidates on ballot for governor come November: Koch, Democrat; Cuomo, Liberal; and, most probably, **Lehrman**, Republican and Conservative. Republican establishment in New York, anxious to stop Lehrman, is not having much luck. Its latest candidate, former U.S. Attorney **Paul Curran**, gets only 4 per cent of primary vote in **Wirthlin** poll, has only 5 per cent name recognition against Lehrman's 69 per cent (**Gannett**).

■ Two reactions: In the days just before President Reagan arrived in West Germany, leaders of the opposition Christian Democratic Party (**Peter-Kurt Wurzbach**, shadow defense minister) and of the ruling Social Democrats (**Karsten Voigt**, Defense & Foreign Ministries spokesman) denounced **Olof Palme/Cyrus Vance** proposal for nuclear freeze in Central Europe because such a freeze would make a "military conflict thinkable again since the risk becomes conceivably small for a potential invader." Same week, *Der Spiegel*, West Germany's hard-left version of *Time*, *Newsweek*, welcomed the U.S. President thus: "Reagan is synonymous for dangerous atomic hemanship, as a cowboy who shoots from the hip, who plays with rockets and bombs, who has a mania to grab the red steer by the horns and drag it to the ground."

■ **Phyllis Schlafly** is throwing an "Over the Rainbow Party" at Washington's Sheraton Hotel, June 30—that's the day ERA dies. . . . Other upcoming events: Hillsdale College's five-day "The Christian in Business Conference," July 11-16: Speakers: **Phil Crane**, **Ernest Lefever**, among others. Contact: Dr. **Charles Van Eaton**, Hillsdale College, Hillsdale, Mich. 49242. . . . College Republican 90th Anniversary conference (**Jack Kemp**, **Richard Allen**, **Jude Wanniski**, **Arnaud de Borchgrave**, and others). Washington, July 15-18. Contact **Jack Abramoff**, CRNC, 310 First St., S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003. . . . Family Forum Conference, July 27-29, also in Washington. For info: **Gregory Butler**, Family Forum II, 721 Second St., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.

■ And a Sri Lankan lament: The logging industry, Buddhist temples, and festival entrepreneurs bemoan major shortage of tame elephants resulting from law banning the capture of wild ones.

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THE WEEK

■ Hearing all the clucks in Congress about the budget deficit, you'd almost think someone else was planning to do the red-ink spending.

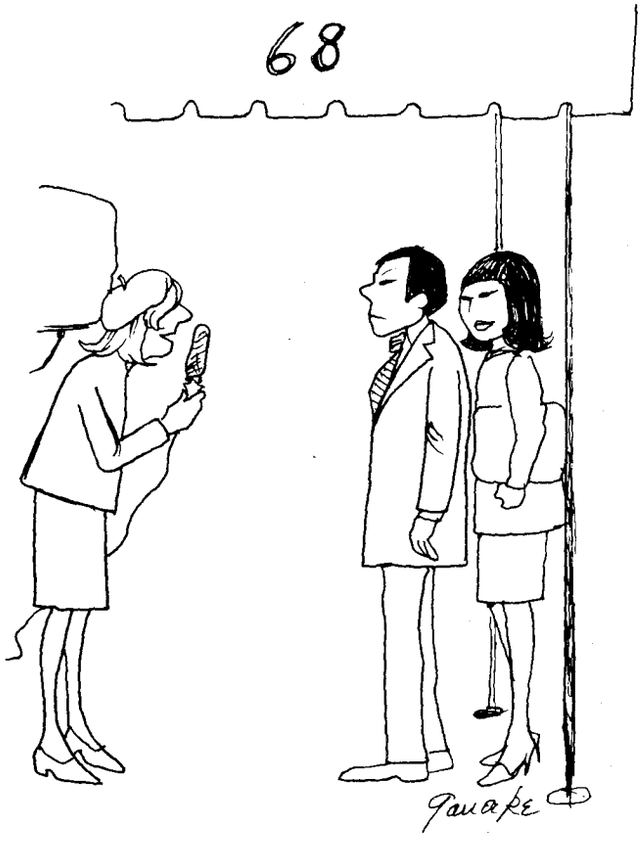
■ Sandra Day O'Connor is not only the first you-know-what, she is also the first state court judge named to the Supreme Court in 25 years, and she takes a dim view of the federal judiciary hogging jurisdiction. Her dissent on a recent case involving federal regulation prompted a waspish rebuttal from Harry Blackmun: ". . . apocalyptic . . . overstated . . . patently inaccurate . . . Justice O'Connor articulates a view of state sovereignty that is almost mystical . . ." Okay, Harry, calm down. Her heart's in the right place. Still, it's a pity that in a government of laws not men, the meaning of the fundamental law should depend so unpredictably on the idiosyncrasies of nine men and women.

■ THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL: Senator Paul Tsongas of Massachusetts keeps going on TV to give Democratic rebuttals to Republican economics. Why they pick him we don't know, but it can't be his record as a prognosticator. When the Reagan tax cut was passed last year the Senator rushed into print to announce just what was wrong with it: it was going to cause terrible inflation. "A massive tax cut stokes the inflation fires to a fare-thee-well . . . The decision to stick with Kemp-Roth despite its almost assured inflationary impact will haunt the Reagan Administration—and the country—for a long time." (*The Road from Here, 1981.*)

■ The prevalent image of a superpower war is of an instantly and totally destructive global nuclear cataclysm—the MAD vision whose apocalyptic finality purports to make superpower hostilities unthinkable. Yet possibilities short of such a scenario are numerous. Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger's guidance paper calling on the Armed Forces to develop plans for coping with something less than doomsday is a step in a sensible direction—notwithstanding that word about it fluttered the dovecotes. The reasonable criterion for military planning is how to prevail—not how to go down in defeat, shared or unilateral. The doveish critique reminds one of Max Beloff's characterization of the British Labor Party's approach to defense policy between the World Wars: if we must have a military establishment, then at least we must make sure that it is not an effective one.

■ Don't expect *Pravda* to give credit where credit is due, but the United States has given the Communist Party privileged status. The U.S. Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit in New York has ruled that the Party—unlike the Republicans and Democrats—doesn't have to report the name, address, and amount of donation of each donor who gives more than $50 to a campaign. Might have a "chilling" effect on Communist contributors. What a pity that would be.

■ The report of the Independent Commission on Disarmament and Security Issues was all standard stuff of the pacifistic Left—including a call for a denuclearized Central Europe, a so-called solution that would render the NATO region wholly vulnerable to Soviet theater nuclear weapons staked out beyond the periphery. Cyrus Vance's name among the 17 signatories was novel but not astonishing. Jimmy Carter's one-time Secretary of State, who once said that his boss and the Soviet Union's Leonid Brezhnev shared common dreams and aspirations for the future, seemed quite appropriately placed in the company of Sweden's Olof Palme, West Germany's Egon Bahr, and the others. One of Vance's contributions at a press conference closing the commission's Washington session was: "In a nuclear age, peace and security are possible if we have the necessary political will." He did not define his "we" or set it off against a "they." Defining "we" and "they" is the heart of politics. An indeterminate



"As minority people, how are you surviving the Reagan cutbacks?"

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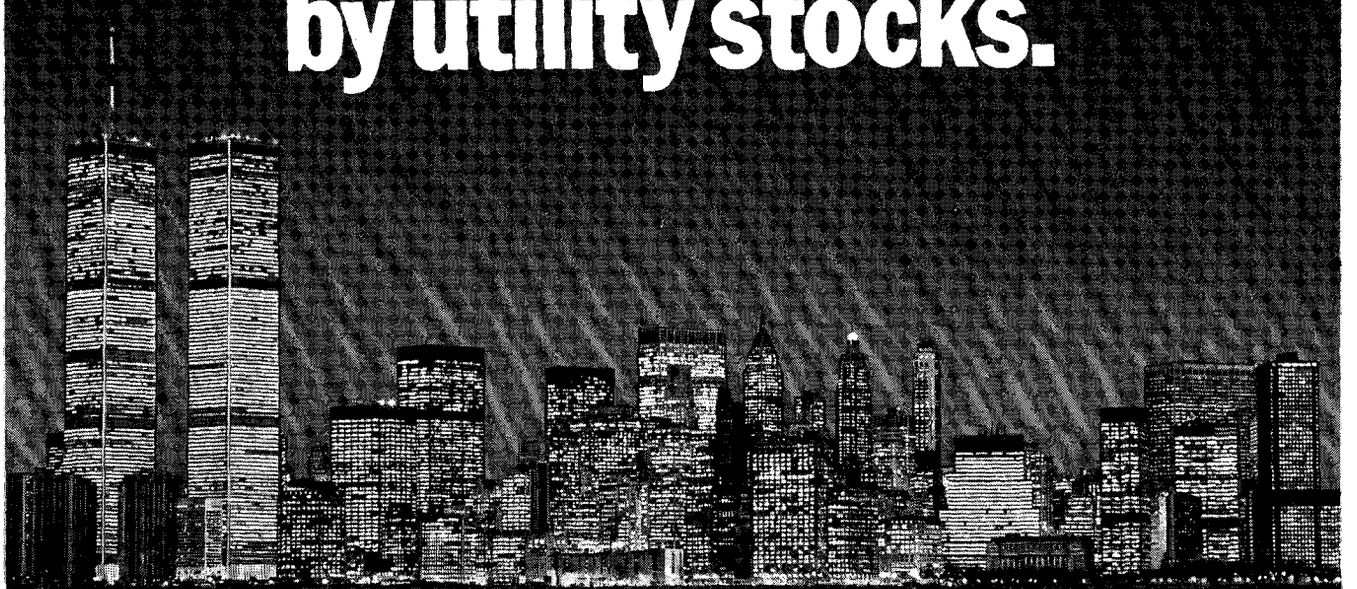

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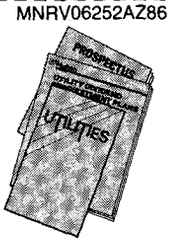

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The Israeli invasion has plunged Washington into a state of invincible gloom. The Lebanon situation is grave for all the perceived reasons, and graver still for one largely unreported one, namely, the intertwining of the Israel/PLO/Syrian conflict with the Iran/Iraq war. The Pentagon sees the chain between the two wars as having these links: Israel is using American weaponry to smash the PLO—planes, ships, tanks, missiles, everything that $1.7 billion per year in U.S. military aid can buy. The PLO is supported by all Palestinians, practically speaking, regardless of where the diaspora has deposited them (let no one tell you otherwise). And they have been deposited throughout the Middle Eastern world: 1.7 million in Jordan, 1.2 million in the West Bank and Gaza, 600,000 in Lebanon, 600,000 in Israel, 175,000 in Syria, 250,000 each in Saudi Arabia and Kuwait, and a goodly number in the other Persian Gulf states of Bahrain, Qatar, Oman, and the United Arab Emirates.

Palestinians loathe our government for having armed Israel to the teeth and have fought against the inclination on the part of their moderate Arab host nations (the last cited six above) to permit the United States to extend military aid to these governments, or fix installations on their territory (Saudi Arabia, Bahrain, and Oman, notably).

The purpose of our military aid to these Arab states is to help them defend themselves against Iran, where the Ayatollah and the rabid young fundamentalists who run his government, flush from victories in the war with Iraq, are committed to cloning the Teheran Shi'ite Islamic state, with its oppression, terror, and chaos, throughout the region. Were that to happen, Persian Gulf oil to the West (three out of five barrels of its total consumption) would be imperiled, and that in turn could lead not only to Western economic devastation but to vulnerability of the Free World to Soviet attack.

Since moderate Arab states of the Gulf are reluctant to initiate possible reprisal by Palestinians within their borders, they will now be even slower to accept U.S. military aid to fight the Khomeini menace. Thus, the Israeli invasion means greater freedom for Iran to maneuver its subversion abroad in the manner of previous attempts in Bahrain and Saudi Arabia, the Pentagon believes. Israel has more directly furthered this process by supplying armament and aircraft spares to Iran to help it win its war with Iraq, another anomaly of this spreading Middle Eastern tragedy.

■ The particular Falklands/Malvinas issue that has been preoccupying the National Security Council of late is Margaret Thatcher's statement to a reporter that she is counting on the U.S. to help defend the islands after the British have repossessed them. Mrs. Thatcher sees such a defense unit as a "peace" force. What worries the NSC is how the Latins will see it—as an occupation force, doubtless, between two nations continuing their war in a new phase, not two nations at peace. So the NSC will insist that unless Argentina agrees in advance to the composition of the force, no American troops will go to the Falklands.

■ The gloom of the capital was momentarily pierced by the latest skirmish between Alexander Haig and Jeane Kirkpatrick in the ongoing oneupmanship contest, in which the distaff side has now pushed ahead by several furlongs. Washington's anti-Haig forces (growing) include large numbers not only on the Hill and in the federal bureaucracy, but in the diplomatic community and the Pentagon, both of which, in the bulk, prefer the Ambassador's views, especially on the Falklands.

When Haig was asked in Versailles why he hadn't telephoned Mrs. Kirkpatrick directly to alert her of the switch on the Falklands UN vote, so as to save everyone grand embarrassment, he replied evenly: "You don't talk to a company commander when you have a corps in between." The insult recoiled and wounded Haig himself.

Asked about the Secretary's remark in a television interview afterwards, Mrs. Kirkpatrick made sure that Haig's wound stayed open. She said that she "didn't care much about military rank and military titles." These may be "more meaningful to Secretary Haig," she explained with icy politeness, choosing her words with the utmost care, "who is, after all, a general, than they are to me who am a professor in ordinary life." Armies are "very hierarchic" she said, while universities "are informal, egalitarian places which don't attach much importance to titles."

One up for the company commander, is how Washington scores it. —CATO

"we" is utopian and escapist. We did not fully know until now how bad Vance really is.

■ Two University of Georgia political scientists have concluded that the Religious Right had a powerful impact on the 1980 congressional elections. According to Loch Johnson and Charles Bulloch, Democratic incumbents targeted for defeat by the Moral Majority and allied groups lost heavily, in relative terms: whereas 90 per cent of congressional incumbents usually win re-election, only *half* of those singled out for defeat with special intensity by Religious Right forces managed to hold their seats. Any chance of smuggling King James Bibles into Massachusetts this fall?

■ GULAG PIPELINE, UPDATE. Most of the talk about the Yamal Pipeline, which will carry natural gas from western Siberia to Western Europe, has been strategic —how will it affect European morale, or the cohesiveness of NATO? Here and there, a few people asked a more mundane question—who, precisely, would built it? (We know who will pay for it.) *NR* guessed ("The Week," March 5) that, given the pipeline's starting point, and the history of large-scale construction projects in the Workers' Paradise, most of the heavy lifting would be done by prisoners—inmates of the Gulag. Mikhail Makarenko, a former *zek*, and friend of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, thinks the same. "Prisoner labor," he said in an interview with the *Washington Times*, "will clear the forests, build the roads and the first living quarters for the more skilled specialists who will put the pipeline in place . . . Prisoners will be obliged to work in temperatures in the winter well below freezing . . . In the summertime, disease and in-

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So Solly, Long Number

All pooped out and breathing hard,
Sweden sulks in her backyard.
Swings are rusting; parks look bleak.
Pregnant girls are up the creek.
Taxes, although rising still,
Fail to meet the welfare bill.
Sweden's really in a jam.
Are you listening, Vietnam?

W. H. VON DREELE

sect-infested swamps also will be encountered . . . The Western specialists who will go to work on the pipeline are not going to see any slave labor. The Soviet system is well adjusted to concealing such activities. . . . Human bodies will thaw this unbelievable tundra through which the pipeline will be built." Makarenko will testify later this month before the Senate Subcommittee on International Financing and Banking.

■ "The discontents which led Polish workers to rebel are shared by their fellow workers throughout the Communist world. We are now entering a period in which these workers face a decline in their standard of living . . . Some Communist countries are already tightening workplace discipline in an effort to raise productivity levels. Although it would be premature to predict a repetition of the Polish revolt in other Communist countries, clearly the relationship between the regimes and the workers will play a substantial role in determining the future." So writes Arch Puddington, editor of *Workers under Communism*, a new journal monitoring the condition of workers in the workers' paradise. *Workers* will appear quarterly, under the auspices of the League for Industrial Democracy and the International Labor Program of Georgetown University. Volume One, Number One has articles on Solidarity, China, and worker discontent in the Soviet Union. The offices are located at 275 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10001.

■ As everyone knows, high-school students' scores on the Scholastic Aptitude Test (SAT) have been going down, down, down ever since the educational bureaucracy started screwing up, up, up. This year the kids got a measure of revenge by proving that the SAT had a wrong answer on one of its math questions. It does not, unfortunately, do the youngsters much credit to say that they are smarter than the SAT crowd. When you consider, however, that some are still smarter after ten or 12 years of state education . . . it gives you new hope for the future.

■ The Hive is revving up a new charge: there was *fraud* in the El Salvador elections. The liberation forces, of course, wouldn't dream of deceiving the people: they never fire blanks, for instance. And liberated Nicaragua has discovered a sure and simple method of preventing election fraud: just prevent elections, silly.

■ ATTENTION LONELY HEARTS, BLEEDING HEARTS: "Attractive, bright, involved West Side woman seeks interesting and interested NYC SWM [single, white male] (38-50) to be her very special friend during these dire Reagan years" (*New York Review of Books*).

■ HELP IS ON THE WAY! Warm, conservative NYC SWM (45) seeks West Side woman with tender illusions. Objective: to show there is life after John Anderson.

■ The most enlightened firearms law in the land has taken effect in Kennesaw, Georgia. All citizens of Kennesaw must now own a gun, preferably an automatic. ACLU lawyers are going to try to have the law declared unconstitutional, as soon as one of them gets up enough nerve to set foot in Kennesaw.

■ In an apparent effort to placate World Opinion and project a more moderate image, the Soviet Union has named the head of the KGB, Yuri Andropov, 67, as "Tsarytsyn," or heir apparent, to the throne of Tsar Leonid I.

■ The Tsarytsyn was asked by reporters what his policy would be toward Soviet dissidents. "Tseasy, I take zem on top KGB building," said Yuri, "Andropov."

■ Congratulations to Nobel Sperm Bank and his bride upon birth of a healthy, nine-pound girl, their first. May we suggest they name her Eugenia?

Return to Westminster

Thirty-six years ago, in a momentous speech at Westminster College in Fulton, Missouri, with President Truman sitting behind him on the platform, one of Western civilization's greatest men described the postwar reality. An "iron curtain," he said, had "descended across the Continent" of Europe, with the Soviets establishing "police governments" in Eastern Europe, and employing "Communist parties or fifth columns" elsewhere. Churchill's words were eloquent and true, and they changed the political landscape.

Last week, at the original Westminster, President Reagan addressed the two Houses of Parliament and in Churchillian tones recalled the West to a sense of reality and to an awareness of its own strength and identity. The headline in the *New York Times* was meant to be derisive: "President Urges Global Crusade for Democracy: Revives Flavor of 1950s in a

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Speech to Britons." But Reagan possesses—as, indeed, did Churchill, and as the *Times* does not—a bracing clarity about the struggle we are in: "From Stettin on the Baltic to Varna on the Black Sea, the regimes planted by totalitarianism have had more than thirty years to establish their legitimacy. But none—not one regime—has yet been able to risk free elections. Regimes planted by bayonets do not take root. . . . In an ironic sense, Karl Marx was right. We are witnessing today a great revolutionary crisis—a crisis where the demands of the economic order are colliding directly with those of the political order. But the crisis is happening not in the free, non-Marxist West, but in the home of Marxism-Leninism, the Soviet Union. It is the Soviet Union that runs against the tide of history by denying freedom and human dignity to its citizens."

Like Churchill's historic speech, this possessed both eloquence and clarity. In 1946, the totalitarian threat focused mainly on Europe; today it has expanded to affect every continent. But as Reagan so memorably said, the free institutions of the West are its great strength and its greatest political weapon. Marxism, as he boldly observed, is indeed destined for the ash-heap of history. Unless, that is, suffering an occlusion of intelligence and will, the West permits a decisive strategic margin to accrue to the totalitarian dinosaur.

Watergate Revisited

Ten years old now, Watergate has yet to come completely into focus either in its total shape or in the interrelation of its various parts. "Watergate" is shorthand for a complex and many-faceted political event, the nature and significance of which depends upon the perspective from which it is viewed.

The central events themselves, soberly considered, seem of less than apocalyptic importance: the Hunt-Liddy break-in at the Democratic National Committee, the break-in at the office of Dr. Lewis Fielding (Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist) in Los Angeles, the allegations of ITT and milk-fund improprieties, the Chapin-Segretti dirty tricks, and the unsuccessful White House coverup attempt.

The ITT and milk-fund matters turned out to lack in substance, and the campaign dirty tricks proved to be routine and trivial. That leaves the break-ins and the coverup, which were certainly illegal, but which were hardly unprecedented or, in themselves, earth-shaking.

What made the mixture so explosive was that it provided the highly visible focus, magnified to Gulliverian proportions by the media, around which immensely powerful political interests fought out a variety of fierce conflicts. Some of them:

1. *Republican President versus Democratic Congress.* Nixon had been impounding congressionally appropriated funds in a struggle to control the federal budget, while a Congress still dominated by free-wheeling spenders was trying to preserve and expand Great Society social spending. The political and philosophical clash was immense. While LBJ had managed to stifle serious investigation of Bobby Baker and other improprieties, Nixon never had a chance of doing so once blood was scented.

2. *Nixon versus federal bureaucracy.* Rolling forward with his 49-state mandate, Nixon was moving vigorously to take control of his own executive branch, something he was very far from achieving in his first four years. Nixon men were being installed in upper- and middle-level positions throughout the system. To federal bureaucrats who believe that Presidents come and go but the system goes on forever, this was a revolutionary step. It was resisted fiercely by the permanent bureaucrats and their cultivated contacts in the media.

3. *Nixon versus antiwar movement.* After Cambodia, Kent State, the mass Washington protests, and the so-called Christmas "carpet-bombing" (it wasn't, unfortunately), Nixon became the anti-Vietnam movement's focus of hatred, a hatred so intense that it is now scarcely imaginable. The haters were a minority, but a minority with cultural leverage.

4. *Nixon versus CIA and FBI.* Given popular mythology, these two face-offs seem improbable, but relations between Nixon and those two major agencies were tense. The "plumbers'" leak-finding operation got under way in the first place because the Hoover FBI was unable/unwilling to do the job effectively; Hoover, in his final phase, was unwilling to enter into risky operations against influential targets. Relations with the CIA were strained both politically and bureaucratically, with Nixon seeking to restructure the Agency and meeting fierce resistance. Early in the coverup, Nixon sought to use the CIA to divert the FBI investigation, threatening Richard Helms about "Bay of Pigs" things getting revealed. Ten years ago, that notion was enigmatic. Now we know that Nixon was referring not to the public invasion but to the secret Kennedy/CIA assassination plots against Fidel Castro. Nixon was perfectly right. The investigation went forward, and the assassination plots came to light.

I Am a Keynesian

Those were Mr. Nixon's words
When he switched direction,
Calling wage and price controls
"A mid-course correction."
Mr. Reagan, badgered by
Pleas for guns and butter,
Teeters toward a U-turn and
Wheels up in the gutter.

W. H. VON DREELE

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5. *Nixon versus New Class.* The verbalist class that achieved political and social power in the years after World War II possessed almost unanimously a visceral hatred of Nixon, which he himself traced to the Hiss case, but which was probably as much stylistic as ideological. The New Class candidates had been Stevenson (humbled by Eisenhower-Nixon), Kennedy (early snatched away), and McGovern (humiliated by Nixon in the largest landslide in American history). Between Nixon and the New Class there could never be anything but cultural and political warfare. From this perspective, Watergate represented a successful attempt to reverse the 1972 McGovern/New Class electoral defeat and gain delicious revenge. The media proved to be a lethal—and natural—New Class weapon.

"Watergate" thus took place at the center of multiple hurricanes, destructive not only of Nixon's Presidency but of toppling dominoes in Southeast Asia, Africa, and—well, the entire bill has probably not yet been rendered.

Will the Real Freeze Please Stand Up?

June 12 has come and gone. The anti-nuclear rallies scheduled to coincide with the United Nations' Second Special Session on Disarmament drew large, though not unprecedented, crowds (Simon and Garfunkel pulled 400,000 in Central Park last year). Singers sang, poets read poems, politicians tried to hitch free rides. A number of innocents appeared, while Mayor Koch, who is not innocent, but who must shore up a crumbling left flank, announced his sympathy with the spirit of the occasion.

Has anyone's consciousness been raised? A *New York Times*/CBS poll taken at the end of May showed a whopping majority in favor of an armaments freeze at equal levels—87 per cent in favor, only 9 per cent opposed. Given the fact that "freeze" was an uncoined political slogan less than a year ago, the success of its proponents has been remarkable.

But when the pollsters attached other conditions to the hypothetical freeze—conditions that would actually come to pass if the freezeniks had their way—some interesting results emerged. "What if a nuclear freeze would result in the Soviet Union having somewhat greater nuclear strength?" 30 per cent in favor, 60 per cent opposed. (Of course a freeze at present levels would have that effect; why else would Brezhnev propose it?) "What if the United States would have to freeze its weapons first?" 26 per cent in favor, 67 per cent opposed. ("Arms limitations can also be unilateral"—Reverend Homer Jack, Secretary General of the World Conference on Religion and Peace; "It would be very exciting if the U.S. took a unilateral step"—Leslie Cagan, June 12 Committee.) "What if either the United States or the Soviet Union could cheat without being detected?" 18 per cent in favor, 71 per cent opposed. (There is not now, and never has been, any effective verification scheme to which the Soviets have agreed.)

Americans retain, in other words, the common-sense view. While not in favor of being incinerated (who is?), they are equally opposed to allowing the United States to become a potential blackmailee. Blurring these distinctions will be the goal of the freezers—both of the majority, which doesn't know the difference, and of the minority (the Soviet stooges) that knows it quite well.

No Arms Stampede, Please

Pressures here and abroad for a START arms agreement on any terms whatever will surely be heavy. The Soviet Union, tenacious of the strategic edge which it has built up with such persistence and at so great a cost to its economy, can be counted on to insist that the principle of equality must apply to mutual subtractions rather than permitted remainders. That combination is certain to test this country's resolve to arrive at terms worth having.

President Reagan's emphasis on reducing the most destabilizing systems—ballistic missiles—and his intention of making destructive power itself the key in computing strategic ratios are steps toward eliminating the flaws of the SALT II treaty. Any comprehensive agreement will have to be tightly drawn. The essence must be parity in retained destructive power—that is, in throw-weight, especially in ICBMs. No contract should be entered into without a solution in that respect.

Those thoughts are a basis for raising some questions regarding the Reagan Administration's approach to START. Using "deployed missiles" as units for counting seems equivalent to counting launchers—the specious units of account agreed on in SALT II. The proposed limit of 850 on deployed ICBMs may indeed be rashly *low*, because within that limit the Soviet Union could actually increase its first-strike capability by expanding the ratio of its warheads to the diminished number of military targets in this country.

Finally, the President's Memorial Day offer to salvage, on a reciprocal basis, as much as possible from the stranded SALT II pact was a puzzler. The President himself has often referred to its terms as fatally flawed. Secretary of State Alexander Haig pronounced its obituary again only the other day. Yet it is reportedly from Haig that the stimulus for the President's gesture came. One trouble, among many others, is that by implication the SALT-saving initiative tends to legitimize SALT II as a conceptual starting point for START. Another is that the Administration's tentative plan for dense-packing the MX missile is quite at variance with SALT II's strictures.

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St. Braniff

For all those who decry the evils of corporate profits, there is a new saint in heaven. Nobody could ever accuse St. Braniff of making too large a profit, whether of the obscene, the windfall, or any other variety. Perhaps that is why its passing wrung so many sympathetic tears in quarters that normally are not at all sympathetic to business enterprise. For those who expect business to live without material sustenance in the form of profits, it was a sobering lesson, much like the one learned by the farmer who had just managed to train his horse to live on no hay at all when it up and died on him.

It will probably never be possible to vanquish inflation, as the Reagan Administration seems to be doing, without a certain number of corporate bankruptcies. Companies that went heavily into debt when inflation ran at 14 per cent, expecting to pay it off in cheaper dollars, are unable to bear the burden now that inflation has fallen to 3 or 4 per cent. Heavy debt loads, taken on to pay for ill-considered expansions, were a crucial factor in the bankruptcies of Braniff, the office-equipment maker AM International, and the retailer Wickes. Firms and individuals in these straits are part of what used to be called the debtor interest, the sector of society that profits from inflation and loses when it is ended.

The fall of Braniff casts no discredit on airline deregulation, it should be noted. Under the Civil Aeronautics Board's artificial protection, no trunk carrier had gone out of business in several decades, and none had been started up in a similar period. It is no surprise that over that span some of the carriers had developed inefficient route systems that could not possibly survive in an open market. Faced with the rapidly growing competition of low-cost carriers like People Express and Texas International, the trunk lines' share of the market fell from 87.2 per cent in 1978 to 80.1 per cent in 1981, according to Daniel Kaplan and David Graham in the current *Regulation* magazine. Opponents of airline deregulation had predicted just the opposite: they thought the major carriers would expand rapidly and squeeze out their competition in fare wars. Only one of the trunk airlines appeared to agree with these critics, and launched a major expansion complete with fare wars. That airline was Braniff.

Tract 91

In the welter of current events, the meeting between Archbishop Runcie and Pope John Paul II at Canterbury was treated as a sidebar to the Falklands war. It might better be seen as a delayed effect of the Oxford Movement.

It is easy to forget, in these tolerant times, how unlikely until quite recently such a meeting would have

...SENATORS KENNEDY & HATFIELD CONTEMPLATING RAMIFICATIONS OF AN IMMEDIATE NUCLEAR ARMS FREEZE...
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As you probably know . . .

. . . Bill Buckley has been writing a series of spy thrillers that have become bestsellers. Small wonder: they really are fascinating books. They chronicle the daring, brash (and *brainy*, of course!) adventures of Blackford Oakes, a dashing ex-Yale CIA agent. One of his best and most intriguing assignments occurred in *Stained Glass*, a book now rather hard to come by.

But we still have a number of copies of *Stained Glass* in the original hardcover edition (retail price $8.95) and if you don't yet have this exciting book yourself here is a great opportunity to get your own copy.

Right now we are offering a hardcover copy of *Stained Glass* FREE and postpaid to you if you'll do us the favor of subscribing to *National Review* magazine (or renewing your present subscription, no matter when it expires) for the full year (26 issues) at no more than the current $26 rate. That's right: you get this $8.95 book absolutely FREE if you take advantage of this offer *now*!

Stained Glass, by the way, is winner of an American Book Award, and the perfect example of *why* these Blackford Oakes novels have won such critical acclaim. They're much *more* than mere thrillers (only Bill Buckley would dare add all the other elements, marvelous stuff you won't find in anybody else's novels!). This one takes place some seven years after World War II (round about when Buckley himself was in the CIA . . .), and has plenty of action and a plot that will keep you guessing right up to the final pages. More, it really *does* involve stained glass, and what you learn will illuminate that fascinating art as do the windows themselves (i.e., you'll see it all from the inside).

Again, don't miss this opportunity to get this famous thriller *free*. Just use the card facing this page now.

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seemed. England was the largest single defection of the Reformation, and a predecessor of John Paul denounced the namesake of Elizabeth II as an illegitimate ruler. For centuries, English Catholics could not vote, sit in Parliament, or attend Oxford or Cambridge, among other disabilities. The last major skirmishes on English soil were the anti-Catholic Gordon Riots.

The Oxford Movement did not intend to heal this breach. It was a reform within the Anglican Church, an attempt to set its intellectual and theological house in order—a second and better reformation, Newman called it. The reformers got a lot of attention, though not, in the short run anyway, dramatic results. Their tracts were stopped by episcopal order after #90; Newman became a Roman Catholic. Matthew Arnold, the voice of sympathetic agnosticism, wrote the movement off as a burst of college idealism, beautiful, moving, yet ultimately unreal: one of Oxford's "lost causes and impossible loyalties."

But ideas do have consequences. It is fashionable to treat ecumenicism as the antithesis of bigotry; and to the extent that "bigotry" is liberal Newspeak for "zeal," ecumenicism equals indifference—the mixing of increasingly lukewarm faiths into one huge, cold oatmeal. In this case, at least, the gestures of Rome and Canterbury represent an exploration of common principles—principles, on the Anglican side, sharpened and etched 140 years ago.

It may well take another 140 years for rapprochement to be achieved. But men of principle can afford to be patient, since they know their accomplishments are genuine.

Down Argentina Way

It galls a Latin when a woman wins,
And winning Englishwomen are a pain.
Except for Isabella, heroines
Have always known their place in sunny Spain.
King Philip found the Virgin Queen a drain
Despite the gold in Montezuma's mines;
When the Armada sank, so did his reign,
Though Englishmen continued buying wines.
So you can see what bugs the Argentines:
Defeat by women ruins a regime.
With honor lost, a junta then resigns
Or winds up dangling where lamp posts gleam.
As Mrs. Thatcher tells it, they were warned,
And reaped the fury of a woman scorned.

W. H. VON DREELE

Putting the Bite On The Dartmouth Review

Some recent events at Dartmouth College have been attracting extraordinary media attention—as well they might, for they are very rich in implication concerning the way things actually are on the American college campus in 1982.

A bit of background here is required. To put it briefly, a snowflake has turned into a snowstorm.

Two years ago, students at Dartmouth founded an independent conservative undergraduate weekly called *The Dartmouth Review*. Papers roughly similar followed at Princeton, Brown, Williams, Harvard, the University of California at San Diego, and elsewhere. At the present time, more than one hundred are in the planning stages for next fall on campuses across the country. The papers are independent—sustained by advertising, private contributions, and, in some cases, foundation support.

The most recent number of *The Village Voice*, the politics of which are Sixties New Left, carries a major page-one feature about all of this, and about related phenomena, alleging a conservative cultural takeover nationally, and referring to "the infamous *Dartmouth Review*." The Dartmouth campus has been crawling with reporters and TV camera crews. Clearly something major is going on.

In fact, at Dartmouth and elsewhere, some important and highly entrenched campus interests are coming under attack—and, worse, being joked about by some very clever students.

Most of the cultural and political initiatives of the Sixties have been rejected in the world outside the college campus. Black separatism is no longer a notable national movement. When was the last time you read anything about the Panthers? Heavily ideological feminism has a minuscule following in the real world; bra-burning is over, and the ERA is going down the tubes. The latest liberation front, the Salvadoran Marxist guerrilla movement, has been blown out of the tall grass by the Salvadoran voters and even seems to have been abandoned by the *New York Times*.

But causes of this kind lead a lively existence on the college campus, a curious enclave: reverse discrimination in admissions, segregated black facilities, militant feminist organizations, established gay groups, Black Studies, Women's Studies, Third World Studies, parades of leftist speakers. All of this represents the institutionalization of Sixties special-interest groups which —though negligible elsewhere—have entrenched themselves on many campuses.

Or take another perspective. That epitome of Sixties liberalism, George McGovern, was first humiliated by Nixon in 1972 and then summarily rejected by the voters of his own state, whom he could no longer bamboozle. But a mindset accurately described as McGovernism remains strong among college faculties, especially on the elite campuses.

On Friday, May 21, a Dartmouth senior was deliv-

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ering copies of *The Dartmouth Review* to college offices. No one challenges his right to do so. In a college building, he was assaulted by an administrator—a middle-aged black man—who struck him from behind, kicked, punched, and finally bit him. The administrator was subsequently convicted, fined, and given ninety days' probation. The college suspended him for a week, and he is being sued by the student, who received tetanus shots.

Whereupon, on the same day the administrator was convicted in court, the Dartmouth faculty voted heavily to censure . . . *The Dartmouth Review*! The *New York Times* agreed, calling the conservative students, rather than the biting assailant, "Yahoos." The principal complaint seems to have been a column, carried by the *Review*, that was written in black slang, apparently intended as a satire on black separatism and on the cultural fragmentation of the curriculum.

Although everyone knows that undergraduate journalism sometimes can go over the line and into bad taste, the reception accorded this column—but one out of 1,100 articles carried in the *Review* in its two-year life—strikes us as exaggerated, and, indeed, phony. A lot of nonsense continues to be talked and a lot of absurd posturing tolerated on the racial issue. Both militant blacks and white liberals operate a moral racket based on the all-purpose charge of "racism." The feminists like to scream "sexism," thus expressing ideological hatred. *The Dartmouth Review* means to be outrageous, and also irreverent where the secular religion of liberalism is concerned. It has won national awards for its cartoons and its reporting. It has been making a serious case against grotesque institutional holdovers from the Sixties, and in favor of both local and Western traditions.

McGovernism lives on, but the *Review* has landed. Its address is Box 343 in Hanover, N.H., and the fun costs $25 a year.

The Good Music Man

Simon Geller, 62, is demonstrably eccentric, but to thousands of music lovers he is one of the cultural ornaments of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. His Gloucester FM radio station (104.9) is a one-man operation that broadcasts from morning to night nothing but the choicest classical music. Few public service announcements and fewer commercials interrupt the golden flow of the Western world's classics. The only voice is his own, and it must be accounted one of the worst radio voices in the United States. To the thousands of aficionados on Cape Ann, however, that voice has its own charm, as do his occasional announcements that he is going to suspend operations for twenty minutes or so while he does his shopping.

On those occasions he emerges from the three-story red brick building where he lives in the one great basement room that houses his station and is his home. He has emerged recently to take his first vacation in years; to go (once) to the motion pictures; and to fight off a challenge to his continued operation of the station.

In 1977 Josiah "Si" Spaulding of Manchester, a Republican bigwig and once a candidate for the U.S. Senate against Senator Edward M. Kennedy, filed with the FCC a demand that Geller be deposed and that Spaulding's firm, the Grand Banke of Gloucester, be awarded the license. He promised a "well-rounded station." Judge John Conlin turned down the Spaulding petition. Spaulding appealed, and the FCC on March 5 of this year overruled Conlin and awarded the license to the Grand Banke. Geller's admirers are redoubling the financial contributions which over the years have kept him going in his hand-to-mouth existence, fearful of losing something unique and fully aware that even in greater Boston the FM dial is filled with cacophonies of rock music, cocktail music, banal talk shows, undigested gobs of news, and very little classical music.

As of now, Geller is waiting for the FCC decision to be printed so that he may file his own appeal—which, as he daily reminds his listeners between Bach and Beethoven, Telemann and Mozart, Vivaldi and Smetana, can be very expensive. —HERBERT A. KENNY

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In a quarterly report to its stockholders, Gannett published President Reagan's address to Gannett executives who visited the White House. He mentioned that the *Federal Register* has been cut from 354 pages a day last year to 254 pages this year.

"But," he added, "as Vice President Bush noted the other day—he said, 'Our goal isn't to eliminate the *Federal Register*. We just want to get it down to manageable size, reducing it from the thickness of, say, a copy of *War and Peace*, to that of the *Atlantic Monthly*'—I wish he had said the NATIONAL REVIEW."

This being spring, I thought I'd pass the posy, but there's another purpose. I would like to offer this suggestion to my fellow reader: Mr. President, each time you face the terribly biased news media, why not superimpose the following quote (midwifed, I'm sure, for conservatives) over the presidential seal: *I know that you believe you understood what you think I said, but I'm not sure you realize that what you heard is not what I meant.*

Sincerely yours,
joe la zizza
New Milford, N.J.

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■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Historians now agree that "I don't think, therefore I'm not" was the long-lost first version of the famous *cogito*, which Lenin later discovered in an attic while vacationing in France and translated as, "If you don't agree, you're out." However, opinion is divided as to why Descartes got it wrong and how he finally came to see the light.

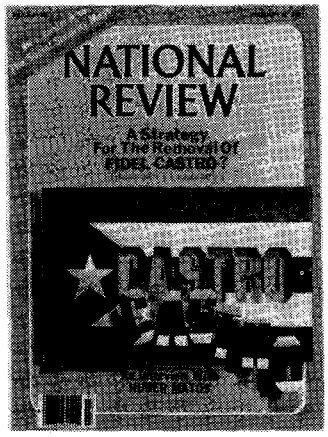
One influential view is that Descartes sent his discovery as usual to his good friend Father Mersenne for comment. The good father spotted the gaffe immediately and wrote back, "Have you been reading the *New York Times* again, *mon cher René*?"

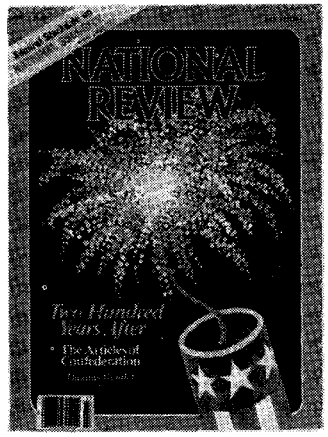
That awoke Descartes from his dogmatic slumbers. He gratefully embraced conservatism, was led to the correct version of the *cogito*, for which he is now famous, and lived happily for a while. (He was to die in Sweden, where they only had *Pravda*, of a bad cold.)

Cordially,
"Arnold"
Department of Philosophy
Northern Illinois University
DeKalb, Ill.

■ Memo to: Bill Buckley
Priscilla Buckley
Bill Rusher
From: Jim O'Bryan

Two of our covers have won awards from the Annual Graphics Design: U.S.A. show. They are the February 20, 1981 and July 10, 1981 covers.





■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I think the feminists are onto something. A student at the University of Kansas, I couldn't help noticing a poster around campus advertising an upcoming "Womyn's Dance." This word "womYn," a changed spelling of the word "womAn" or "womEn," is uncannily reminiscent—to someone taking organic chemistry—of the word "alkYne" and its corresponding "alkAne" and "alkEne." These terms and their interchangeable endings are part of an ingenious system of nomenclature that permits the precise labeling of myriad organic compounds—including not only the alkanes, alkenes, and alkynes, but also the alkanols, alkenols, alkynols, halo-alkanes, halo-alkenes, halo-alkynes, and *so* on. In short, the feminists are sitting on top of a gold mine!

If they simply carried their idea through to the logical next step, they could be using a similar system —based on the root "wom-" instead of "alk-"—that would allow the precise and thus non-sexist labeling of all the different kinds of females there are. Imagine being able to identify females the same way chemists do organic compounds!

Such a system of nomenclature would be especially fitting because it is none other than organic compounds that females are made of! (Organic compounds cut across every race, creed, color, and sex.)

Of course, feminists would be called "womyn." And, taking a hint from the chemical class "alcohols," females who drink could be called "womohols." And then for real exactitude, a feminist who drinks could be called a "womynol." This would not only correspond quite nicely to the chemist's term "alkynol," it would also enable the feminists on my campus to advertise their next gathering as being for "womynols," thus keeping their posters free of costly and tedious elaboration!

On the other hand, nonfeminists could, depending on how many you had of them, be called either "woman" or "women." (Now these are admittedly quaint terms, but then so are the lifestyles they refer to.) Using the prefix "deoxy-," meaning "without oxygen," we could then have "deoxy-woman"—to refer to the suffocating married female. Using the prefixes "di-," "a-," and "per-," which together mean "doubly negative intensified action," we could have "diaper-woman"—to refer to the woman with kids.

Thus, a nonfeminist who both is married and has children, say two of them, and who turns to drink as a result, could be called a "deoxy-2-diaperwomanol."

The amount of imprecision with regard to females that such terminology could eliminate in the language is enough to give one pause! It is amazing that the feminists haven't thought of it yet and clearly only a matter of time before they do. My question for you, Mr. Buckley, a well-known champion of the cause of precise language, is this: Rather than stand idly by while the *womyn* steal all the glory for themselves, why not, beginning with your next issue, make use of such a system of nomenclature within the pages of your own magazine and thereby beat them to the punch?

Truly yours,
Eric Brende
Junior, University of Kansas
Lawrence, Kan.

Dear Mr. Brende: Gentlemen do not beat ladies to the punch. Yours cordially, **—WFB**

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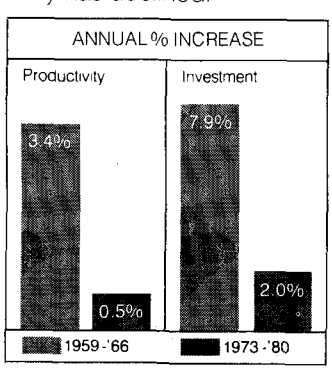
It died of unnatural causes.

Too many factories in too many American cities are dying. Unnecessarily and prematurely. They are the products of an unproductive economy. Our economy.

Not long ago, we all thought it just couldn't happen here.

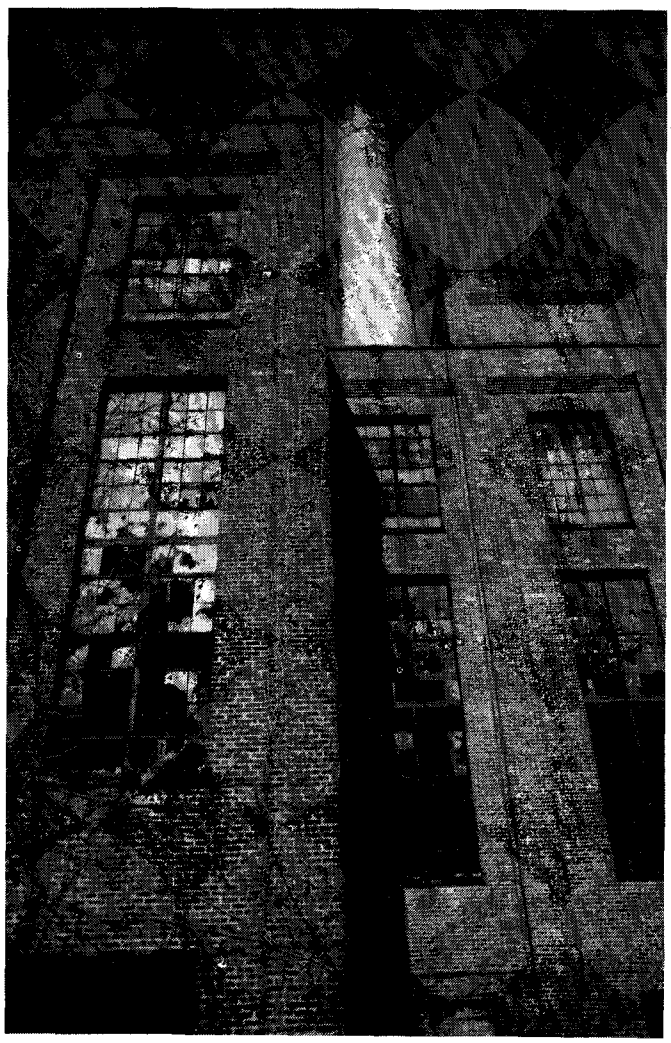
The fact is, however, that the United States has the highest percentage of obsolete plants, the lowest percentage of capital investment and the lowest growth of productivity of any major industrial country.

That didn't happen overnight, of course. This chart points out just how much, and how rapidly, our economy has declined:



Comparing the early 60's with the late 70's, America's average annual growth in productivity was lower by 85%. Allowing for inflation, real investment growth in plants, machinery and equipment dropped by 74%.

No one can expect labor to produce without tools. But since 1975, there's been a steady decline in the amount of capital per worker in this country.

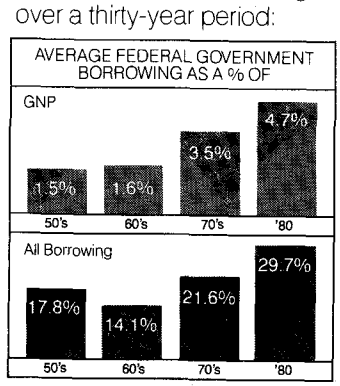


A close examination of our economic illness points to one major cause: An overdose of government.

Ever increasing levels of government spending and borrowing have squeezed productive industry out of credit markets.

Without credit, businesses cannot buy the plant and equipment they need to expand and increase their productivity.

This chart shows the growing impact of government borrowing as a percentage of GNP and of total borrowing over a thirty-year period:



As the government expanded its borrowing, private industry cut back. To reverse this trend, growth in government spending must be slowed in the years ahead.

Hidden in all these statistics are countless human losses: Lost jobs, lost incomes–lost dreams.

We're W.R. Grace & Co., a $6½ billion company producing chemicals, natural resources and consumer products. Even though our interests are worldwide, we consider the loss of any American industry a death in the family. And we believe we all have a responsibility to revive productivity at home. To do that, we must invest.

Our own capital expenditures through the years testify to that belief. From 1965-1975, our average annual increase in capital expenditures was 8.9%. From 1975-1981, we averaged an 18.7% increase per year.

And now, by cutting taxes, eliminating excess regulation and by providing the impetus to reduce the size of the federal government, President Reagan has supplied us all with new incentives. We must make the most of them immediately.

The drive and dreams that first built America's factories are needed now to unlock a productive future for our nation. And each of us holds the key.

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of a changing world.

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FROM
Washington Straight

JOHN McLAUGHLIN

Falklands Soul-Searching

THE STARK and bitter polarity between Alexander Haig and UN Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick serves at least one useful purpose: it defines the exact *status questionis* on the issue of whether the United States should have quit its neutrality in the Falklands/Malvinas conflict. Neutrality is neutrality; it is not, by definition, support, real or camouflaged. Mrs. Kirkpatrick has taken a lot of gratuitous grief because the press falsely premised that a "stay neutral" position was tantamount to a "support Argentina" one, which is certainly not true in theory, nor in the South Atlantic crisis, nor in the context of the Ambassador's personal views, *viz.*, she holds no brief for the Argentinians' use of force to repossess the islands.

The withholding of support from all the belligerents in a conflict is a traditional policy of the United States that dates from George Washington's neutrality proclamation of 1793 and Jefferson's policies and attitudes during the Napoleonic wars. Ambassador Kirkpatrick believes that neutrality was required for us in the Falklands dispute by our NATO commitment, the Monroe Doctrine, and the Rio Treaty. She argues that once having assumed the role of mediator at the request of both sides, we thereby abandoned, practically speaking, the right later to take sides; that forsaking the neutral position in midstream tainted the whole earlier mediation effort by suggesting that the presumptive impartiality was a sham; that jettisoning neutrality (and, consequently, the role of arbitrator) would propel the British into a more hardline stance than they would otherwise have taken (many at State now concur with this); and, finally, that siding with Britain would open up a Pandora's box in Latin America.

A curious role reversal took place during the Falklands war: hawks became doves, and doves, hawks. Conservatives (especially at the Pentagon) decried the disproportion of the British response and the enhanced possibility of Soviet penetration of the Hemisphere due to ruptures in Latin-U.S. relations. On the other side, the normally doveish (liberal) press became militant, egging on the British, pointing to Argentine aggression rather than British procrastination, and stressing the United States' commitment to NATO, not the Rio Treaty. It was less an instance of being pro-British, and more one of being anti-Argentine ("the fascist junta").

In taking sides, the press muddied certain issues—e.g., by equating U.S. neutrality with being pro-Argentine, as just noted, and accepting unquestioningly the "collapse" of mediation. On April 30, the Secretary of State announced that efforts at negotiations had failed, and we would support Britain. The press matter-of-factly nodded its approval. But when, indeed, does mediation fail? In point of fact, mediation did not collapse, but continued under different (and less powerful) auspices, notably the Peruvians' and the United Nations'.

WHAT ARE the problems we shall have to live with during this post-Falklands era? Power shifts will take place in nations hitherto friendly to the United States. Pro-American leaders are going to have to backpedal. Some of these leaders, besides being politically threatened and weakened, may even be displaced by nationalistic types, and others to the left of that, who will be trading on the tide of anti-American sentiment that is now gathering.

Backing for U.S. projects in Central America that are designed to offset Cuban subversion, some say here, will be harder to come by (although the Argentinians continue to train and finance Nicaraguan exiles in Honduras), and Castro will be more of a worry than usual. Recently he sent an ambassador to Buenos Aires, where Cuba had not had one for a long time, and he offered to send reinforcements to the Argentinians, which the fiercely anti-Communist Argentine government ignored.

A second problem is the Soviet Union: as expected, the USSR is making itself available as a source of military supplies and advanced technology. Latin countries will be seeking the most advanced weaponry in as large quantities as they can afford, and any efforts on our part to curb this expansion will be largely scorned.

To contain these problems and to counter Latin disaffection, President Reagan has urged his National Security Advisor, William Clark, to develop imaginative new policies, including better trade markets, more realistic military relationships, and ongoing, intense dialogue. Clark has his work cut out for him.

Besides the diplomatic problem touched off by the Falklands invasion, there is the political fallout. The Secretary of State and the Ambassador to the United Nations are publicly at loggerheads. Although Al Haig remains as powerful as he has ever been, on this issue time does not seem to be on his side. Whatever gains were produced by his support of the British are already registered. Latin troubles are beginning to pile up, and inevitably they will be put at Haig's door. (It is not generally known that William Clark and Vernon Walters, Haig's trusted emissary and troubleshooter to Latin America, both inclined to the Kirkpatrick position on the neutrality issue.)

The other possible loser is the President himself. By temperament, inclination, and image, Ronald Reagan is quintessentially a New Worlder: Californian, frontier-state governor, outdoorsman, trailblazer (supply-side economics, if you please), and hemispheric good neighbor who enjoys an easy, warm rapport with Latins (Mexican President López Portillo was the first head of state he visited with.)

The natural locus for a personalized Ronald Reagan foreign policy, in its most original and effective expression, might well have been this Hemisphere. Where other Presidents have tried and failed, Reagan, with his knack and sensibility, might have succeeded in unifying the Hemisphere, giving it a sense of mission hitherto unknown. Today, his hopes of achieving that are slim, if not altogether dashed. □

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THE TERMS OF PRODUCTION

Illegal Agreements

TOM BETHELL

Ownership (private property) came first. Agreement (price) comes second. Last month we learned that if people don't own things, they can't exchange them. To amend George Gilder, capitalism begins with owning. It continues with agreements.

When two people exchange things, the terms of the agreement between them is what we mean by price. If those who make the exchange are themselves allowed to set the terms of exchange, then prices are free, and the groundwork is laid for material improvement (economic growth).

Economically, the United States and the Soviet Union, capitalism and Communism, differ in these two crucial respects: We have ownership and agreement. They have dispossession and command. Some Jesuit may be able to explain why the latter system is morally superior to the former. But I have yet to hear the argument made convincingly.

If the abolition of ownership is the great economic goal of socialism, then the abolition of agreement (price) is the most effective way of achieving this goal inconspicuously. Power to set the terms of exchange is transferred into the hands of officials who may be hundreds of miles away from the exchange itself. Agreement is thereby converted into conflict.

Creating Scarcities

In the U.S., many price agreements are illegal. In the years 1971-81, for example, if you had (approx.) one dollar, and someone else had a gallon of gas, you weren't allowed to exchange your dollar for his gas because the government required you to pay less than you were willing to pay. But there was no way the seller could be forced to sell on such terms. This brought about the energy crisis, the Department of Energy, and finally a "windfall profits" tax on oil production before price agreements were once again legalized.

If all price agreements are legal in a country, then the demand for any commodity will always equal the supply of it. There will be no shortages, no queues, no black market, and no need for leaders to exhort their subjects to want more of this or less of that. (Poor Jimmy Carter was reduced to this expedient in his "malaise" speech, because the oil price mechanism had been disconnected by his predecessors. Queues and exhortation followed inevitably, as in socialist countries all over the globe.) When price disagreements are required by law there will be shortages (if prices are set below the natural level), or surpluses (if prices are set above that level).

In numerous cities today, for example, apartment rentals are held too low. Renters are not allowed to pay what they would be willing to pay. Shortages result, and apartment construction in the U.S. has practically halted.

Other prices are held too high, notably farm products such as sugar. The most important artificially priced commodity in the U.S., however, is that of labor—wages. Minimum-wage laws and trade unions, which monopolize the labor supply in select areas and yet are immune from antitrust laws, hold the price of labor artificially high. A surplus results, called unemployment. Government employee unions see to it that members are remunerated more than is needed to fill all vacancies. Last summer there were eight qualified applicants for every vacancy in the U.S. Civil Service.

Minimum-wage laws make it illegal for Americans to perform many jobs in the economy. If you have some light work for which you are willing to pay no more than $2 an hour, for example, it is illegal for you to do so even if dozens of people are eager to accept your offer. Such prevention creates a serious economic difficulty. The ladder of economic mobility cannot function if its bottom rungs are missing.

In recent years, this problem has often been solved by a class of newcomers called "illegal aliens." They are not afraid to do the work, because the illegality of their labor is dwarfed by the illegality of their presence. The economy of Los Angeles, to cite one example, ticks over as well as it does because of the willing and mostly unobstructed labor of Mexican illegals.

Congress now proposes to remedy this situation with a new immigration bill that will make employers criminals if they persist in hiring such willing workers. This will be helpful to trade unions and to all regulators of economic activity. "Sweatshops" will disappear, along with the garments and jobs they provide.

Watch Out, Jerry Brown

An aide to Senator John East told me that a phrase frequently heard in the Senate Judiciary Committee during the markup of this bill was: "We have to do something to turn off the job magnet." Mexico has also turned off its job magnet. It is hard to see how an economy improves because jobs within it are no longer performed.

Another provision retroactively grants amnesty to all illegals who can prove that they arrived before January 1, 1982. The main effect will be to add potentially large numbers to those eligible for welfare. An amendment by Senator Charles Grassley to restrict the welfare rights of such legalized aliens was defeated 10 to 5 in committee. An aide to Senator Edward Kennedy said that the new residents probably won't avail themselves of the government largesse because they are "hard workers." Of course, they had very little alternative to hard work as long as they were ineligible for welfare and yet wanted to stay in the country.

In the long run this new immigration bill could seriously damage the U.S. economy. It has the effect of closing off a large and important loophole in the net of government regulation. This is precisely its intended effect. The repercussions will be more serious in California, where welfare payments are high, than in Texas, where they are still low. □

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Europe and All That — The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

ONE THING is certain in the fast-moving and unpredictable Falklands crisis, which surrounds me as I write this column: things will never be the same again. They will not be the same in the South Atlantic, nor in the Americas, nor in the Alliance, nor even in Europe. I shall focus now on the European aspect.

If I may declare my position, I am what you might call a "mild" European, not a fanatical one. I have always been less than enthusiastic about the original "Europe of the Six" and even of the Nine or Nine-plus. But, for here and now, the point is that the European Economic Community (EEC) is being subjected to perhaps the severest battering it has endured since Charles de Gaulle was around, and largely because of the Falklands.

The initial impact of the crisis produced a splendid (but alas temporary) display of European unity. Armed with UN Security Council Resolution 502, Prime Minister Thatcher turned to her Community colleagues and received unanimous support: recognition of Britain as the injured party, condemnation of Argentine aggression, and the imposition of sanctions against Argentina. There were two flies in this smooth ointment: the sanctions were for one month only and designed, while they lasted, to cause no more than minor inconvenience; and the show of unity left intact the continuing tensions over farm prices and Common Market budgetary contributions.

In or Out

As the crisis dragged on, the Community leaders realized with horror that Mrs. Thatcher not only was sending a naval task force to the South Atlantic but actually (horror of horrors!) intended to use it. Besides, the crisis, far from being resolved, was going from bad to worse.

The one-month imposition of sanctions was seen to be too short to affect the issue, and nobody was very keen to extend the period—least of all the Irish (who, I understand, don't like the English) and the Italians (who supplied Argentina with about a third of its population, including the current junta chief, General Galtieri).

So when the issue came up again, the renewal was for one week only. Collapse of European unity.

But there was much worse. The French, having rushed to Albion's defense (François Mitterrand even called Mrs. Thatcher personally to offer his solidarity, before any official meetings could take place), felt that the least the British could do would be to soften their inflexible approach to farm prices and budgetary quotas. The Prime Minister welcomed French solidarity, but couldn't see what it had to do with farm prices and budgets. Intellectually, she was right (mostly), but emotionally, the French felt cause for indignation. What kind of an ally was it that wanted help but declined to give it in return? Not for the first time, the Continental Europeans began to ask the British to make up their minds, once and for all, whether they were Europeans or not.

Just Whose Veto?

When I say that intellectually Mrs. Thatcher was "mostly" right, I mean that she was right to make a distinction between the Falklands issue and "pure" EEC issues. Whether she was right on those EEC issues is a matter of fierce and unresolved controversy.

By mid-May, the EEC crisis had taken a truly ironical turn. In the 1960s, de Gaulle (who had inherited the EEC and the Treaty of Rome and didn't like either, but was adept at turning both to French advantage) decreed a lengthy boycott of the Community. He lifted it, finally, under the so-called "Luxembourg compromise," which specified that there must be unanimous voting in the Council of Ministers on any question where a member country considered its national interests to be at stake.

The Luxembourg compromise was acceptable to the French as it gave them a veto over even routine EEC decisions if they chose to interpret them as vital to French interests. The British, having joined the Community after de Gaulle was safely in his grave, accepted the compromise for similar reasons, but thought in terms of a *British* veto.

When the agriculture ministers met in Brussels on May 18, however, the rest ganged up against the British and forced through record farm price increases, pushing aside the Luxembourg compromise and the supposed British veto.

To add to the irony, President Mitterrand chose this moment to invite the Atlantic Council to hold its next spring meeting (1983) in Paris. This, too, breaks with a Gaullian precedent, for it will be the first time the Council has met in the French capital since de Gaulle took France out of the integrated military machine of NATO in 1966. Thus, at a time when Britain was being presented as the villain of the EEC, France was newly asserting its old allegiance to the North Atlantic Treaty.

When these lines were written, it was hardly an exaggeration to say that Britain's future membership in "Europe" was once more in doubt. The anti-Common Marketeers, to be found in the Tory ranks as well as in the Labor Party, were by no means despondent. And here again, the Falklands played a part, pretty well totally concealed from the outside world.

One of the fiercest and most consistent critics of Britain's membership in the EEC is that lonely and curious figure, Enoch Powell, whose resemblances to General de Gaulle have not gone unnoticed. As it happens, he was also outspokenly intransigent on the issue of British sovereignty over the Falklands and the absolute legitimacy of using force in the event of an Argentine refusal to get out unconditionally. The real point is that after years of mutual coolness, Margaret Thatcher is known to have been seeking Powell's counsel in private, while he, in public, was praising her handling of the crisis. She herself has never been more than lukewarm over "Europe." It is not too fanciful to imagine Powell's exerting an influence on the European question as well as on the South Atlantic.

All this is rather sad. But there is another reason for feeling sad: the Soviet Union sees Europe as a threat and would welcome its destruction. On strategic as well as idealistic grounds, the May crisis was deplorable. □

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The Unpenetrated Problem of Pierre Trudeau

LUBOR J. ZINK

If there is any one constant in my thinking, it is to be against the establishment or the accepted ideas of the day.
—P. E. Trudeau

AT A RECENT PARTY in the Kremlin, Canada's Ambassador, Geoffrey Pearson, was introduced to Leonid Brezhnev. The old man, who doesn't say anything without reading it from a paper handed to him, lingered over the handshake as the mention of Canada lit a circuit in his mind. When his dour face brightened momentarily, he uttered a single word: *Trudeau.*

At his pre-Christmas press conference in Ottawa, Prime Minister Trudeau stated that the military dictatorship in Poland need not be bad if it prevents civil war.

These two vignettes do not come anywhere near to bracketing the enigma of Canada's prime minister, but they may indicate why Canadians find the man fascinatingly perplexing even after 13 years in office.

The reason for the voters' failure to make their usual quick assessment of the man they put in charge is that Pierre Elliott Trudeau is an unprecedented phenomenon in Canadian politics. There never was an ideologically motivated prime minister in Ottawa before Trudeau. Hence there is no yardstick for taking the measure of the man. There aren't even familiar points of reference for mental orientation. And every time the public image of the longest-serving current head of government in the Western world seems to gel, Trudeau smashes it again.

Canada's 15th prime minister is a man of many faces and seemingly baffling paradoxes:

► A prima-donna rebel who has become the establishment.
► An antimilitarist who denounced the struggle with Nazism as an "imperialist war," who has decimated Canada's armed forces during his 13 years as prime minister, but who supports Marxist "liberation wars"—except within the Soviet orbit (i.e., in Poland).
► An advocate of "participatory democracy" who has degraded and gutted Parliament under the guise of efficiency reforms.
► A fighter for revolution in industrial relations, and workers' partnership in the "economic democracy" of his abstract "new society," who got so incensed by a demonstration of striking flesh-and-blood workers that he rolled down the window of his $80,000 armored Cadillac and yelled at the freezing marchers: "*Mangez de la merde!*"
► A preacher of the "just society" who would use an archaic Official Secrets Act to prosecute a newspaper which leaked a police report on Soviet spying and subversion that the government wanted to keep under wraps so as not to "endanger detente," but who would not prosecute an academic who admits to having been a Soviet agent for thirty years and boasts of immunity because he could compromise too many people in high places.
► A champion of human rights who went to Moscow to sign a Friendship Protocol with the most repressive regime in the world but canceled an appearance at a plowing contest in Ontario because of the participation of a white farmer from Rhodesia.
► A politician perennially re-elected as head of Canada's perpetually ruling Liberal Party, which he has led from a national force to a regional rump. (When Trudeau replaced Lester Pearson in 1968, the Liberal Party controlled half of the ten provincial governments and represented all parts of Canada in Parliament. There is not a single provincial Liberal government left, and more than half of Trudeau's majority in Parliament comes from his French-speaking home province of Quebec. Western Canada rejects Trudeau so completely that no Liberal candidate was elected west of Winnipeg in the 1980 elections.)

The list of such apparent paradoxes is endless. The few random samples given should suffice to convey some of the complexity and fascination of the Trudeau phenomenon. Yet anyone willing to take a closer look will find that there is no mystery and few, if any, real paradoxes. Like Hitler in *Mein Kampf*, Trudeau early in his career put on paper with admirable frankness and clarity everything he believes in, and every tactical twist he has eventually used to bolster his rigid ideology. Few people bothered to read *Mein Kampf*; fewer still have read Trudeau's political essays and

Mr. Zink, who was born in Czechoslovakia, has been a political columnist for the Toronto Sun *since 1971. Two of his several books are about Mr. Trudeau.*

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articles. And those who have sampled his three most important books (*The Asbestos Strike*, *Approaches to Politics*, and *Federalism and the French Canadians*) find it hard to believe that he could have meant what he wrote. It tends to be dismissed as youthful radicalism of the tail-end of the Marxist generation of the 1930s.

Only now are Trudeau's "constitutional renewal," his blatantly socialist budget, and his National Energy Policy (NEP) beginning to be perceived as a radical restructuring of the country's market economy and liberal democracy. The uneasiness about this is aggravated by a looming showdown with the separatist government of Quebec and by Western Canada's political discontent at a time when its economic importance is growing. Many in whom the notion was deeply ingrained that it did not matter who was in charge in Ottawa because no one could do any real harm to Canada are taking a closer look at the man who seems to be encouraging, perhaps even generating, the ferment.

Trudeau's biography is fairly straightforward. The first of three children of a French-speaking Montreal lawyer who made money in the amusement-park and service-station businesses, Pierre Elliott (the Elliott is his half-Scottish mother's family name) was born in October 1919. After graduating from Jean de Brébeuf College, an exclusive Jesuit school, he studied law at the University of Montreal. There followed postgraduate courses in economics and political science at Harvard, l'Ecole des Sciences Politiques in Paris, and the London School of Economics. In the late 1940s young Trudeau traveled through Eastern Europe and the Far East. On returning to Canada he worked as a labor lawyer. In 1951 he helped found a small political review called *Cité Libre*, around which a group of "progressive" intellectuals formed to fight the authoritarian Quebec government of Maurice Duplessis. In 1961, when Quebec's nascent "quiet revolution" loosened the smothering theocracy of the French-speaking province, Trudeau finally got the teaching appointment at the University of Montreal that the established Catholic hierarchy had blocked until then. In 1965 he was elected to Parliament from a safe Liberal district in Montreal. Two years later he entered the Pearson cabinet as justice minister, and in 1968 he replaced Pearson as leader of the Liberal Party and prime minister of Canada.

This simple biographical rundown adds a bit of background to the understanding of the Trudeau phenomenon and Canada's gradual slide into a turmoil of radical change. The process has been gathering momentum for well over a decade. What has brought on the present crisis is the surfacing, in the windup of Trudeau's constitutional "renewal," of an accumulation of previously unnoticed changes.

Trudeau's "patriation" of Canada's constitution—the 115-year-old British North America Act—is hailed as "a new chapter in Canadian history." It is an apt phrase. For what is involved is not just the formality of transfer and "Canadianization" of the old Westminster statute. (The British would have gladly done that in the 1930s had the Canadians been able to agree, as the other Dominions did, on the terms of transfer.) What is really involved is a major step toward a sweeping transformation of Canada from a liberal parliamentary democracy into a centrally planned state—a fundamental reshaping of political, economic, and social structures to codify the invisible revolution of values and attitudes that has been going on for a dozen years. Today we can start to see a recognizable pattern in the jigsaw puzzle of political and economic measures Trudeau has been putting together since 1968. The reshaping of the constitutional framework is marred only by Quebec's refusal to fit in. (Since the final stage was forced to make the French-speakers "feel more comfortable" in confederation, there is irony in Quebec's refusal to enter the "new chapter in Canadian history.")

Not only have unsuspecting voters been confused by what has been going on, but fairly sophisticated observers, including Trudeau's biographers, have been as well. They miss

Trudeau's economic theories are usually described as 'Fabian socialism,' and his ruining of the market economy as bungling

the ideological dogmatism buried under pragmatic operational expediency. John T. Saywell, one of Trudeau's early academic boosters, came close to conveying the difficulty of grasping the essence of the man when he wrote in his introduction to the English edition of Trudeau's political essays (1968): "To many people, P. E. Trudeau has seemed enigmatic and paradoxical: a man of substantial wealth, yet a democratic socialist . . ."

Still, Trudeau's political philosophy is no mystery. All its essentials, and his concept of the "new society" he seeks to construct, are in his earliest writings, dating back to the 1950s. Some of the formulations may have been refined over the years, but the theoretical premises and conclusions that have shaped his elitist social radicalism remain unchanged. And since the theory-testing necessity of earning a living in the real world never arose, Trudeau's juvenile radicalism has hardened into cocksure intellectual arrogance.

Trudeau started on the road to progressive enlightenment when a friend give him a copy of *Esprit*, a review of France's Catholic Left. Both *Esprit* and its founder, Emmanuel Mounier, whom Trudeau met later in Paris, had a profound influence on him. (Mounier's thesis that "a Christian can adopt most political positions of Communism and conclude alliances with it" may have had particular impact.) Through the Catholic Left Trudeau discovered Marx, the materialistic ("class struggle") interpretation of history, and a way to atone for unearned privileges through social radicalism. From the start, however, Trudeau rejected revolutionary violence and concentrated on finding ways and means for the nonviolent transformation of "dying capitalism" into a "new international socialist society." He wants multicultural Canada to pioneer the process for the rest of the world.

Trudeau rejected and condemned "the inequities inherent in economic liberalism" in *The Asbestos Strike* (*La grève de l'Amiante*), which he edited in 1956. He also rejected the welfare state and traditional trade-union efforts to improve wages and working conditions as deceptions of the working class which delay radical socio-economic change. "Behind the solid ramparts of the police and certain theology," he wrote, "the propertied class is cleverly working to adorn the

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old system of ownership with new and less provocative finery." What was needed as the "peoples of the earth became more oriented toward the Left" was to "go forward with the caravan of humanity." That required redistribution of wealth, a planned economy, and "industrial democracy."

In 1958 Trudeau wrote in *Cité Libre*:

> . . . it seems to me that the regime of free enterprise has shown itself incapable of adequately resolving problems [of contemporary society]. That's why I am personally convinced that with the upheavals inherent in automation, cybernetics, and nuclear energy, liberal democracy will not long be able to satisfy our growing demands for justice and liberty. . . . I believe in the necessity of state control to maximize the liberty and welfare of all.

In 1961 he added: "The erroneous, liberal idea of property helped to emancipate the bourgeoisie but is now hampering the march toward economic democracy." However, nationalization of the means of production was, in his opinion, no longer absolutely necessary because it could in many cases be replaced "by more flexible processes of economic control and redistribution."

In 1965 (the year he entered federal politics), Trudeau said:

> The state must use its legal powers to compel the economic community to favor certain values that would otherwise be destroyed by the pressure of economic forces . . . values in danger of being swamped by the flood of dollars.

After one year as prime minister, Trudeau felt so confident about setting Canada on the course to his "new society" without anyone noticing what he was doing that he said in an interview:

> One has to be in the wheelhouse to see what shifts are taking place. I know we have spun the wheel and I know that the rudder is beginning to press against the waves and the sea . . . but perhaps the observer, who is on the deck smoking his pipe, or drinking his tea, sees the horizon much in the same direction and does not realize it, but perhaps he will find himself disembarking at a different island than the one he thought he was sailing for.

This deception, which should have caused alarm in 1969, passed virtually unnoticed.

To achieve radical change through democratic means, Trudeau needed to convince voters that the free-enterprise system is unable to cope with contemporary problems. By 1975 the consequence of reckless government overspending and of the systematic crippling of the private sector of the economy reached such damaging proportions that Trudeau felt it safe to declare:

> We haven't been able to make it work, the free-market system. We've ended up with very high unemployment and very high inflation. We can't go back to what was before. . . . That means the government is going to take a larger role in running institutions.

A few months later he introduced a set of "principles [which] could ultimately reshape the nature of government's role in our society." Called *The Way Ahead* and ostensibly treated as a discussion paper, it was in fact the first comprehensive blueprint of the centralized planning of his "new society."

Trudeau's economic theories are usually described as "Fabian socialism," and his ruining of the market economy as bungling. He himself lists Harold Laski, under whom he studied at the LSE, as "the most stimulating and powerful influence," and one of his three heroes (the other two are Machiavelli and Mao Tse-tung). However, his criticism of the welfare state and of trade-union activities because they divert labor from class war leaves little doubt that Fabian economics (as distinct from some of the Fabians' political precepts) could not have carried much weight with him. In fact, many of Trudeau's economic concepts can be traced to his Harvard teacher Joseph Schumpeter, and to Wassily Leontief.

While the importance of these two economists in the shaping of Trudeau's mind has escaped most Canadians, it obviously wasn't lost on the talent scouts in Moscow. They must have been keeping a hopeful eye on the wealthy Quebec radical ever since he "hitchhiked" behind the Iron Curtain after the 1948 Communist coup in Czechoslovakia. (Trudeau later said that much of his travel in the late Forties, which eventually took him to China during the last stages of Mao's takeover, was done at the expense of Communist organizations and their fronts, such as the Prague-based International Union of Students.)

From "flirting with Marxism" at the LSE, as another Canadian student there, Robert McKenzie, later described it, Trudeau went on to help radicalize the 1949 Asbestos strike in Quebec, before playing his part in the founding of *Cité Libre* in 1951. Evidence of Soviet interest in Trudeau came in 1952 when he was invited to attend an "international economic conference" staged in Moscow with the help of such key Communist-front organizations as the World Peace Council and the World Federation of Trade Unions. Trudeau was listed as the leader of the Canadian delegation, whose other five members were all Communists, although he himself was not a regular Communist Party member.

Although going to the Moscow conference meant rejecting Justice Minister Stuart Garson's advice, Trudeau to this day prides himself on having been "one of the few prepared

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to stick his neck out," as he put it at a 1977 press conference Asked during the 1968 campaign for leadership of the Liberal Party what he had been doing in Moscow during the Stalin era, he said he was "throwing snowballs at Stalin's statues." (*Toronto Sun* editor Peter Worthington, at that time bureau chief in Moscow, checked meteorological reports and found there wasn't a speck of snow in Moscow during the 1952 conference.)

Harmless fibbing? Perhaps. But not when it's part of a pattern of public deceptions. The pattern started with misrepresentation of Trudeau's age in the Liberal leadership campaign, making him two years younger than he was. Had he admitted his correct age, he would have been the second oldest on a slate of 11 candidates—a blow to the "swinger" image his trendy propaganda buildup had painted. (Asked whether he still had his Mercedes, Trudeau quipped: "The car or the girl?") Minus two years he appeared to be the second youngest in the race. By the time the "joke" was discovered it had served its purpose. From then on increasingly serious deceptions of "obtuse voters" (Trudeau's description) became standard operating practice. As always, Trudeau put his ideas of "operational pragmatism" on paper.

In a seminal essay titled "The Practice and Theory of Federalism," which first appeared in *Social Purpose for Canada* —a 1961 blueprint for social change produced by a group of socialist academics—Trudeau wrote:

> I should like to see socialists feeling free to espouse whatever political trends or to use whatever constitutional tools happen to fit each particular problem at each particular time.

He cautioned against scaring a parochial, conservative electorate with the radical rhetoric socialist parties are fond of using. The best way to achieve radical change, he wrote as far back as 1956, was by "entering one of the old parties and changing them from the inside." Socialist policies can then be imposed on unsuspecting voters under the reassuring label of the old party.

Trudeau also disagreed with the prevailing notion in left-wing circles that it is easier to achieve socialism in a unitary than in a federal state. "Federalism," he wrote, "must be welcomed as a valuable tool which permits dynamic parties to plant socialist governments in certain provinces, from which the seed of radicalism can slowly spread."

He cited the example of China:

> The experience of that superb strategist Mao Tse-tung might lead us to conclude that in a vast and heterogeneous country, the possibility of establishing socialist strongholds in certain regions is the very best thing.

That did not mean, he explained, that socialists have to act and talk the same way in every part of a vast federal structure. On the contrary, he wanted socialists to implant radicalism in different parts of Canada "in different fashions," exploiting local circumstances, the better to deceive the voters.

> For a time parties with the same name may find themselves preaching policies differing in scope from one province to another. [On the other hand] different parties with different names may preach the same ideology in different provinces.

All that, of course, requires careful planning and cunning application.

> So long as socialism is to seek fulfillment through parliamentary democracy with its paraphernalia of parties and elections, there will be a constant need for the tactician, as well as the theorist. And both will have to be reconciled by the strategist.

The tone of his lecturing to fellow socialists left no doubt even twenty years ago about Trudeau's distaste for parliamentary democracy, or about his certainty that he knew what's best for "the people" and what strategy and tactics to use in building the "new society." The intellectual arrogance of that stance comes through most clearly when Trudeau states in his key essay:

> And in terms of political tactics, the only real question democratic socialists must answer is: *"Just how much reform can the majority of the people be brought to desire at the present time?"* [Emphasis added.]

How much reform the people can be "brought to desire" became Trudeau's principal concern from the time he became prime minister in 1968. He labeled the process "participatory democracy." It boils down to manipulating public opinion to make it "desire" what the planning socialist elite (in fact its philosopher-king, in the "leadership democracy" Trudeau once likened to "benign despotism") has decided people should want and get from the omnipotent state. Parliament is not only superfluous "paraphernalia" but becomes a nuisance. So it has to be "reformed" into ornamental impotence. That process is now far along.

It was as if the unconventional millionaire radical personified the people's yearning for escape from the drabness of sub-arctic life

Before Trudeau could put his theories of tactical deception to the test of practical politics, he had first to join and turn the ruling party to his use. It seemed an impossible task, for only two years before he ran for Parliament as a freshly minted Liberal, he was denouncing the Liberal Party in *Cité Libre* as a "bunch of idiots" who follow like "a spineless herd" their "defrocked priest of peace" (a contemptuous description of Lester Pearson's reversal of the Liberals' antinuclear policy). The problem was resolved when Pearson, who headed a precarious minority government after the 1963 election, thought he could win a clear majority with the support of the Quebec labor vote. To that end he lured leftist labor leader Jean Marchand with a cabinet portfolio. Marchand eventually succumbed on condition that the Liberals also take two of his *Cité Libre* friends, a journalist named Gérard Pelletier (now Canada's ambassador to the UN), and Pierre Trudeau. There was consternation among ranking Liberals in Quebec who considered Pelletier and Trudeau doctrinaire socialists, but Pearson wanted Marchand so badly that his two unacceptable friends were accepted. There was a bit of a problem finding a constituency for Trudeau (several ridings rejected him as their Liberal candidate), but eventually a posh district of Montreal was secured for Trudeau's nomination and election.

After the election the three Quebec socialists issued a statement of support for their old *Cité Libre* goals. "We have only resolved," they said, "to pursue elsewhere and in other ways

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the intellectual and social struggle which has always claimed us." Trudeau's combination of Jesuit sophistry and Marxist certitudes cut through the Ottawa mush of petty partisan bickering like a knife through butter. Under his direction "the three wise men," as the Quebec socialist troika began to be called, soon dominated the parliamentary caucus of the Liberal Party. Impressed by Trudeau's sharp mind and debating skill, Pearson marked him for fast promotion. In less than two years he was justice minister. His dictum that "the state has no place in the bedrooms of the nation" brought him national attention and the admiration of the trendy tone-setters in the academy and the media.

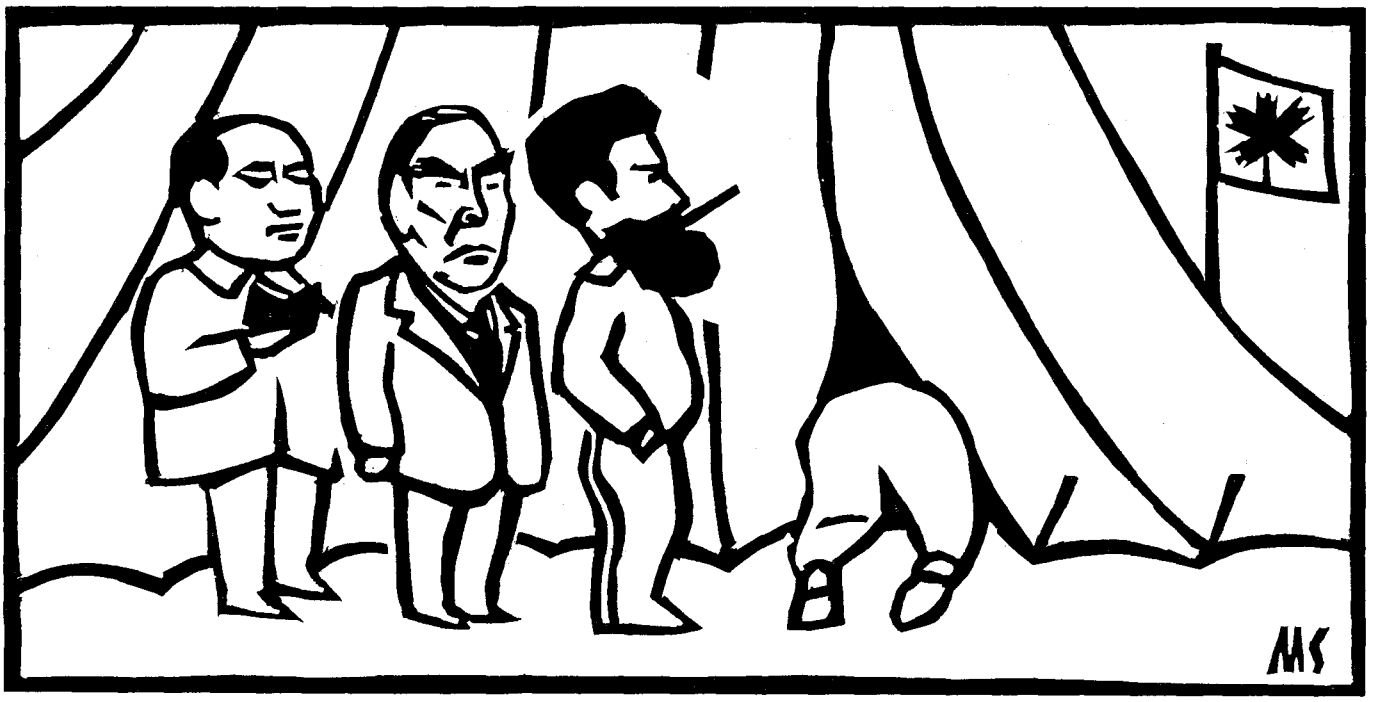
So when Pearson stepped down at the conclusion of Canada's heady centennial year, Trudeau emerged as the leading, albeit seemingly reluctant, French-Canadian contender for the top spot. To his credit, he was quite candid about the absurdity of the whole thing. Announcing his formal entry into the leadership race, he described it as "a huge practical joke on the Liberal Party" for which the enthusiastic media buildup had to take a good deal of responsibility.

Dubbed "Trudeaumania," the wave of adulation—women fought to kiss him—swept Trudeau to the leadership of the Liberal Party in April 1968, and gave him a solid majority in the subsequent election. It was an unprecedented emotional binge in the dull history of Canadian politics, as if the unconventional millionaire radical—who would appear in sandals and ascot at state functions, slide down banisters, stand on his head at parties or clutch a rose in his teeth—personified the people's dreams and yearning for escape from the drabness of sub-arctic life in the shadow of the American giant, dreams released by the Expo magic and the patriotic pride of the centennial year. Canadians clearly wanted someone as colorful and daring as the half-envied, half-resented Americans had had in the youthful John F. Kennedy. "Swinger" Trudeau seemed to fill the bill. Hints of his Marxist leanings were indignantly brushed off as nasty rumors. A millionaire socialist? Nonsense! But even if he were a leftist radical, so what? High time to let the Yanks know that anti-Communist paranoia and witchhunting stop at the border. Questions about his political philosophy were shouted down as McCarthyism, and even direct quotes from Trudeau's own writings were considered "hate literature." Without knowing or wanting to know anything about their instant idol, voters turned the 1968 election into Trudeau's coronation.

His first move was an attempt to pull Canada out of NATO, which happened to be a long-standing demand of the tiny Canadian Communist Party. When this threatened to wreck the freshly hijacked Liberal Party, Trudeau settled for crippling Canada's contribution to NATO's front-line defense in Germany. He also froze the defense budget, forcing manpower reduction below the minimum necessary for manning collective defense commitments, and making replacement of obsolete or worn-out equipment impossible. Although some re-equipment was eventually forced on Trudeau in the mid-1970s by the European members of NATO, the extent of the damage can be gleaned from the cancellation of naval exercise MARCOT II last fall for lack of serviceable ships (of Canada's remaining twenty obsolete destroyers only four were usable).

Trudeau's antimilitarism is reinforced by his conviction that thanks to detente, which he promotes on Soviet terms come what may, Canada does not need to "waste all that dough" on defense, as he put it in the 1980 election campaign. For even if detente were to fail completely, to quote his earlier (1968) statement on the subject, "Canada is in the extraordinarily fortunate position of not having to defend itself because we know darn well that the U.S. will defend us. They won't let a hostile nation take over Canada to wage war on the United States." Many, though not all, Canadians seem to feel the same way and want more, not less, sanctimonious pacifist posturing in the UN and at international conferences.

Relying on Canadians' traditional lack of interest in external affairs, Trudeau pushed a basic reorientation of foreign policy harder and faster than his domestic changes. In 1971 he went on a state visit to the Soviet Union and signed an unprecedented cross-alliances Friendship Protocol in the Kremlin—an arrangement under which, as he casually told



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a press conference after the 1980 election, the Soviets get top-level Western political intelligence from Ottawa ("If I were to visit the U.S., or something, or see a leader of some other country, I'd inform the Russian ambassador of the discussions") in exchange for "reciprocal" intelligence from the Soviets.

During that visit Trudeau told his delighted Kremlin hosts that Canada wanted as close relations with the USSR as she had with the U.S. to counter what he called the U.S. threat "to our identity from the cultural, economic, and perhaps even military point of view." Apart from a few maliciously

Trudeau's embrace of Fidel at Cienfuegos came at the time when Castro's legions were conquering Angola for Moscow

delighted chuckles (there is a streak of *Schadenfreude* in the negative nationalism which motivates Canadian anti-Americanism), that incredible statement caused no ripples in Canada. Nor did Trudeau's preposterous equation of Ukrainian human-rights defenders with FLQ (Quebec "liberation front") terrorists. His assertion of close similarity between the Canadian and Soviet federal systems went largely unnoticed, and so did the desire he expressed in Norilsk to emulate Soviet northern-development methods. (Years later, when prominent Gulag graduate Vladimir Bukovsky visited Ottawa, he recalled the devastating effect Trudeau's admiration of Soviet achievements had. "It was awful for us in prison and for everybody in the Soviet Union," Bukovsky said. "Everybody knew quite well how many millions of prisoners perished when developing the northern territories. It was a stab in the back . . .")

The gradual shaping of Canada's foreign policy into the desired "cutting edge of the international Left," as Trudeau's advisor Ivan Head put it after the 1974 election, continued through the rechanneling of foreign aid to Third World builders of "new society" socialism (Tanzania becoming a particular favorite), and on to the support of various Marxist "liberation movements." Trudeau invented the so-called "third option"—a futile attempt to weaken the Canada-U.S. economic symbiosis by finding substitute markets for two-thirds of the Canadian exports flowing across the border. He also backed such kindred builders of a "new society" as fellow LSE alumnus Michael Manley, then prime minister of Jamaica, and Fidel Castro.

Trudeau's embrace of Fidel at Cienfuegos during his 1976 state visit to Cuba, and his "*¡Viva el Comandante Fidel Castro —Viva Cuba!*" came at the time when Castro's legions were conquering Angola for Moscow. The burst of enthusiasm for the Cuban dictator raised some eyebrows. TV reporter Peter Desbarats said at a press conference during the trip: "The picture of yourself and Fidel Castro that we are sending back to Canada will convince many Canadians that you're leading us toward socialism or worse. Do you think it's an issue this visit?"

Trudeau, confident of the average Canadian's lack of interest in, and ignorance of, world affairs, wasn't concerned. "The category of people which would be shocked by that," he said, "have long since been shocked by my visits to China and to the Soviet Union, so I don't worry about that." His judgment was correct. In Canada his "Viva Castro" was considered rather cute. The few critical comments that appeared were chiefly concerned with what was perceived as another outburst of Trudeau's "anti-Americanism."

That's one more illustration of popular misconceptions about the man. Trudeau is not anti-American in the usual sense. But he is *anti-imperialist* in the Marxist definition of the term. Ever since his student days, when he described himself as a "citizen of the world" and agitated against Canada's involvement in the "imperialist war" with Nazism, Trudeau has had no use for nationalism of any kind. But as a shrewd political tactician he will exploit Canada's anti-Americanism for all it is worth in aid of his "new society" objectives (e.g., "Canadianization" of the oil industry under the National Energy Policy, which economic nationalists see as the pilot project of "nationalization" but which looks more like the beginning of collectivist socialization of the economy). Since he took office in 1968, Trudeau has systematically aggravated unavoidable irritations in the intimate Canada-U.S. relationship into festering problems. The damage may not yet have gone very deep but it helps those who seek to vilify and isolate "imperialist" America. In any case, it's impossible fully to grasp what makes the man tick and what he is after, without understanding his ideological "anti-imperialism."

This is one of the problems many Canadians still have after 13 years of Trudeau's gradual restructuring of the country. The notion of a socialist ideologue transforming sedate Canada through infiltration and capture of the perpetually ruling Liberal Party is simply so outlandish that it cannot actually be happening. Not in fireproof, snugly secure, inviolate Canada!

It is unlikely that Trudeau is equally misunderstood in Moscow, Peking, and Havana. He must have been considered worth cultivating by the Soviets thirty years ago when he was given special treatment at the 1952 Moscow conference. Peking must have felt the same way, for not every Western tourist wanting to see China in 1960 managed to get there, let alone have private talks with Chou En-lai and Mao himself. The Communists' shrewd bet on the young Montreal radical paid off in Trudeau's recognition of the Peking regime when he became prime minister, and in the exclusion of Taiwanese athletes from the Olympic games in Montreal. The Kremlin got the shelving of a 1968 report by a Pearson-appointed Royal Commission on Security which pinpointed Communist subversion as the main security threat to Canada; the 1971 Friendship Protocol that Trudeau wouldn't consider rescinding even after the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan and the mauling of Poland; and above all a happy hunting ground for Soviet-bloc and Cuban agents who have found in Canada a handy base of operations against the United States. Trudeau's weakening of the parliamentary system behind its seemingly undisturbed façade and his crippling of Canada's external and internal defenses complete the picture of the ripening Canadian crisis. Novelist George Jonas gave it an apt label when, in a flash of dark inspiration, he called it *Malice in Squanderland.*

It is, *malheureusement*, more complex and serious than that. Yet, though increasingly bewildered, even occasionally alarmed, most Canadians still can't bring themselves to face the evidence that it's actually happening. □

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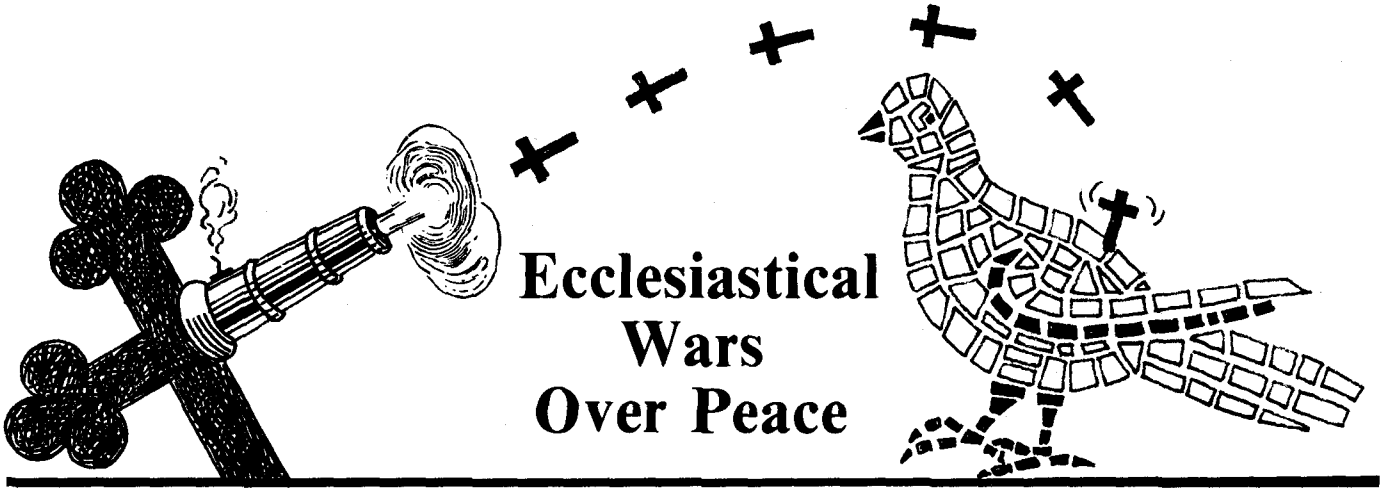
JAMES V. SCHALL



Ecclesiastical Wars Over Peace

I keep reading in The Monitor *articles condemning nuclear weapons, including the neutron bomb, and our spending for the military. I read quite often about calls for disarmament, even unilaterally; also about the evils of both capitalism and Marxism, as though they were equally bad.*

Despite its shortcomings, capitalism provides freedom, the highest standard of living for all, the chief support of the Church and the envy of all the world. I see no refugees heading for Communist or socialist nations.

Seldom do I see denunciations of Soviet atheistic Communism that is already ravaging many parts of the world, the enemy of all religion, freedom, and morality. I fail to see appreciable mention of the huge Soviet military buildup with mostly offensive nuclear weapons while the U.S. dozed after World War II in blissful trust that general peace and disarmament had been attained. . . .

Weapons become obsolete, need constant research, development, and replacements so our national defense can remain viable. As long as the Soviets aim to rule the world, as they have told us repeatedly, and toward which they are making awesome progress, there can be no peace.

—Letter to the Editor, The Monitor, *newspaper of the San Francisco Archdiocese, December 19, 1981*

THE SUPREME COURT, it is said, eventually sniffs which way the contrary winds are blowing. Will such timely wafts gradually penetrate to the chambers of the American Catholic bishops?

Amateur Church-watchers are carefully looking for clues, not without some amusement: exactly which way do these good prelates think the country's breezes are coming from? Wags suggest that 1312 Massachusetts Avenue, Washington, D.C.—home of the bishops' curious, edict-prone bureaucracy—is the last bastion of the hippie culture, a sort of ecclesiastical Haight-Ashbury.

The American bishops have recently become an important, or at least well-publicized, influence on American public policy, foreign and domestic. Yet, on many of these new issues they have addressed, they are largely ignored or even resented by their own flocks. Within the Church, they seem often, even to the outsider, to speak mostly to themselves.

The Catholic Church has never modeled itself on a political democracy. Even so, it has sometimes happened in history that bishops have drifted away from the common sense of basic doctrine, only to be checked by a *sensus fidelium*—a sort of instinctive realization by the people of where the American Church really stands. Whether they know it or not, the bishops today are losing their prestige and credibility—and at the very moment when the Holy Father, in confrontation with politicians and theologians of other hues, wants to rely on their prudence and local knowledge. As one bishop remarked privately, his colleagues have recently made "some extraordinarily foolish moves"—particularly in the area of nuclear weapons and disarmament. They seem to be committing the American Church to a vaguely socialist/pacifist stance, without specifying whether it is a conscious departure from or addition to that tradition, or in what sense laymen should regard it as compelling.

Confusion and anger are emerging at the local level, where, far more than in bureaucratic and academic circles, it counts. A Washington layman recently called me, in great annoyance, to say that the sermon he had heard at Sunday Mass had condemned as immoral "the mere possession of nuclear weapons." He didn't so much want to know whether the Church teaches this—it does not, as Cardinal Cooke has bluntly reminded his colleagues—but whether the clergy are still bound to the tradition of the Church, or even to common estimates of political danger.

Workers in defense plants are hearing episcopal scruples against military fabrication and delivery systems. Bishop Walter Sullivan of Richmond, Virginia, the diocese with more military personnel, perhaps, than any other in the country, has said it is immoral to be associated with the production and use of nuclear weapons. The bishops of Montana have opposed MX missiles. Bishop Leroy Matthiesen of Amarillo, Texas, has urged workers in weapons firms to find new jobs elsewhere. Archbishop John Quinn of San

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help!!!!

Chastity, Anyone?

In the search for contraception,
  Some prefer the pill;
Others tumble down a hillside,
  Aping careless Jill.
Modern science notwithstanding,
  We've a way to go.
That's why Orrin Hatch says ladies
  Might try saying, "No."

W. H. von Dreele

♫ OL' MACDEMO HAS A PLAN... ♫
♫ Gee, I'd like to know ♫
BUDGET ALTERNATIVE
♫ WITH A TAX, TAX HERE, AND A TAX, TAX THERE! ♫
♫ HERE A TAX, THERE A TAX! ♫
EVERYWHERE ♫ A TAX, TAX! ♫
♫ OL' MACDEMO HAS A PLAN...? ♫
♫ Gee, I should have known... ♫
S. KELLEY SAN DIEGO UNION ©1982

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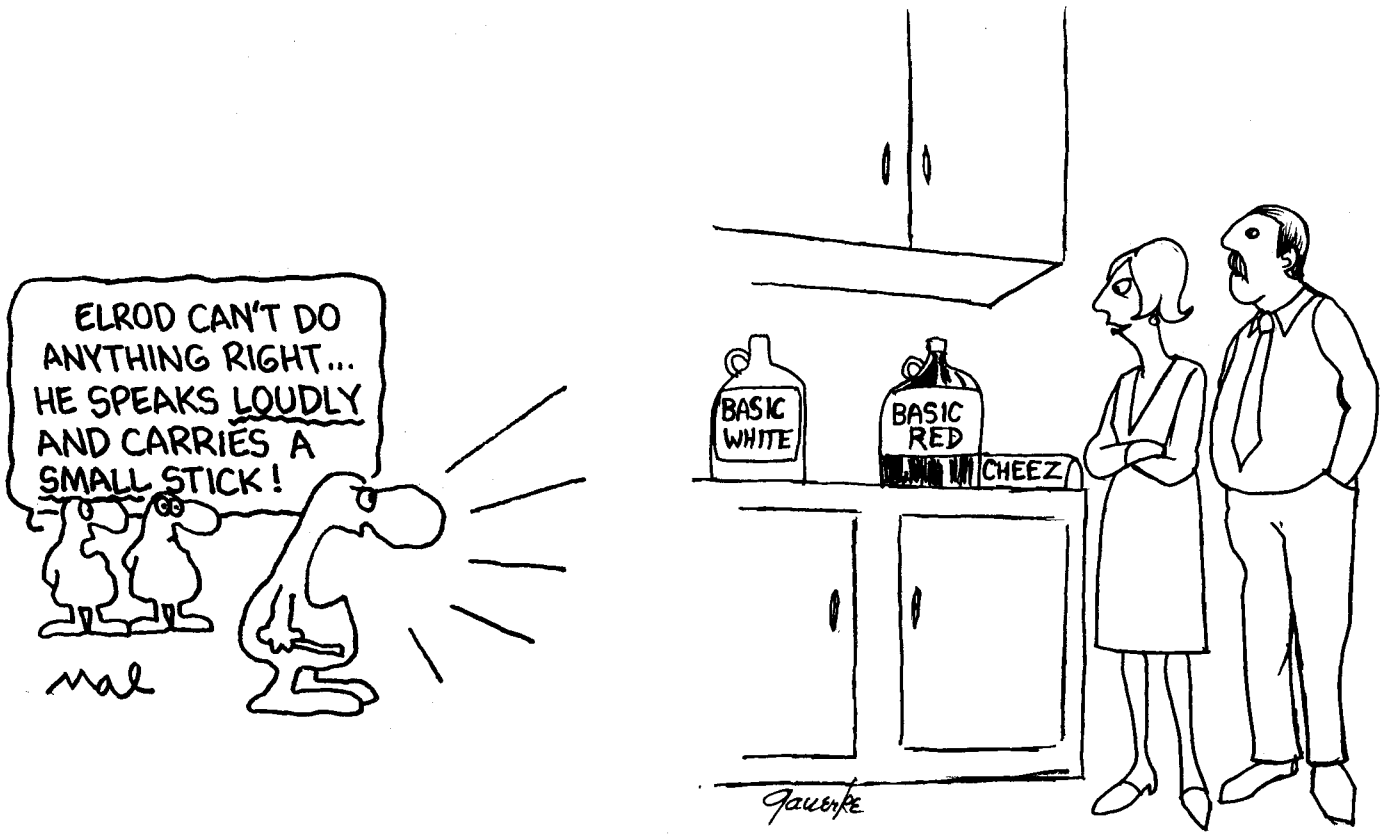

"With the Reagan cutbacks, our wine and cheese parties have lost a lot of their flair."

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Francisco has made two lengthy statements on the subject and endorsed a state initiative for a nuclear-weapons freeze. The Canadian bishops have condemned the neutron warhead. Bishop James Niedergeses of Nashville would allow the possession of nuclear weapons only if accompanied by serious efforts at disarmament, adding a dubious doctrine of a one-to-one relation between nuclear arms and poverty, and urging international agreements without indicating how they are to be secured and guaranteed.

In all, some thirty bishops have so far made individual statements on this topic—not all pacifist, to be sure. Though still a small minority, they have received a good deal of publicity. And the U.S. Catholic Conference is mandated to set up a commission on war and peace whose posture will apparently be influenced by the new ideology, though it speaks in the name of the spirit of Vatican II and invites dialogue with dissenters to this new position.

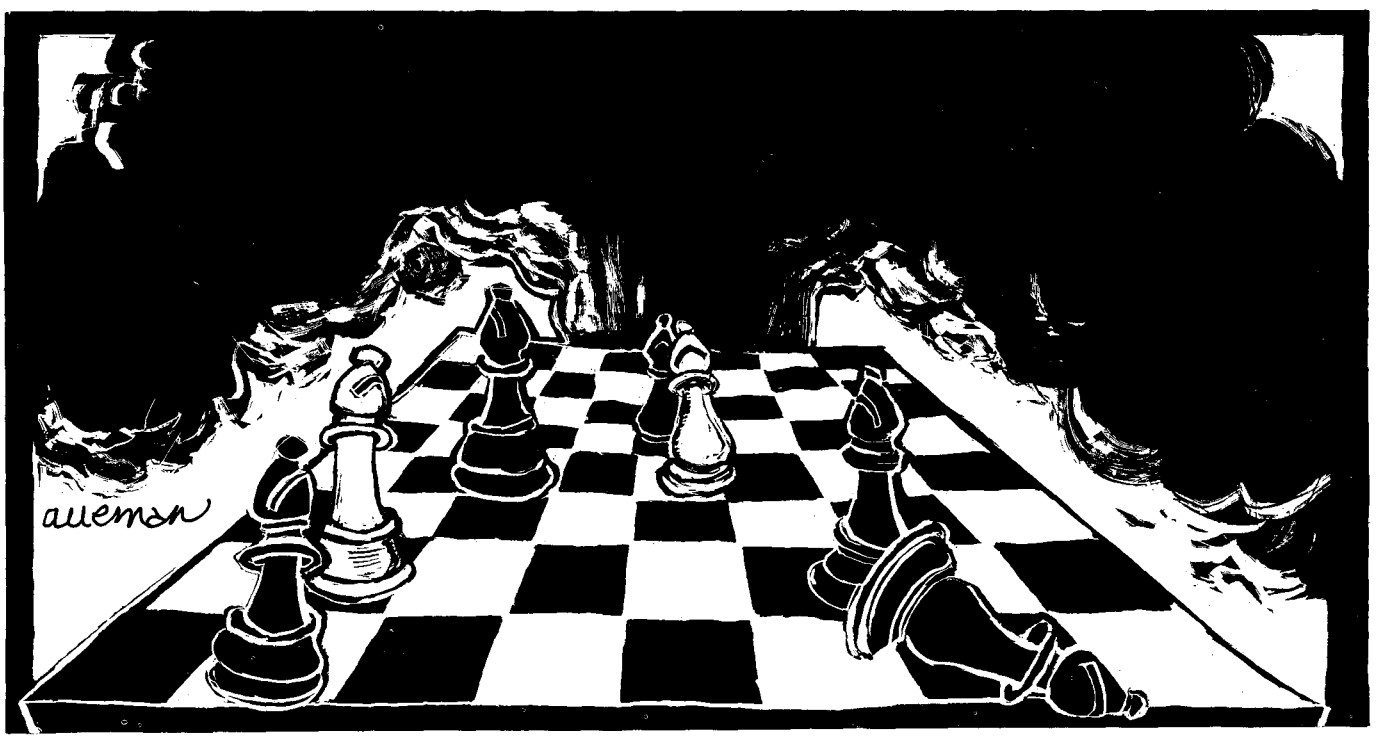
This is not simply a case of some bishops saying what the old clerical and secular radicals used to say. The content may be the same, but the terminology is now Christian. Yet that terminology has not prevented groups like the Institute for Policy Studies from showing an enthusiasm that transcends apparent supernatural barriers. "We are now seeing in the Church a sense of moral revulsion about the arms race," Richard Barnet of IPS exulted to a meeting at William Sloane Coffin's Riverside Church.

Perhaps the most extreme of the American bishops' statements has come from Archbishop Raymond Hunthausen of Seattle, who has suggested that the people of his state withhold 50 per cent of their taxes in moral protest against nuclear weaponry. He intends to do so himself. On seeing this, a pious reader suggested in the *Wall Street Journal* (January 28, 1982) that, on the same principle, those disagreeing with the Archbishop's reasoning should withhold 50 per cent of their contributions to the Archdiocese of Seattle. What is valid for the state is valid for the church?

"We whose nuclear arms terrify millions around the globe," said the Archbishop, "are terrified by the thought of being without them." He gives the impression of speaking in a political vacuum. He evidently sees no need, military or ideological, to possess such weapons. "Nuclear arms protect privilege and exploitation. Giving them up would mean our having to give up economic power over other people." This is hardly the rhetoric of Vatican II or the Catholic tradition; indeed, Mr. Herbert Aptheker, writing in the *Daily World* last September 3, recognized it effusively as nearly identical with the finer points of Soviet peace proposals. Extraordinarily pious and innocent, the Archbishop, when asked at Notre Dame recently about the "danger of the whole world being in a slave labor camp," replied that this was a possibility, but we should trust in God; this fear does not justify the arms race. This strikes me as rather like refusing to protect a baby who is being attacked because we are pacifists and abhor violence. So the baby dies and we are virtuous. The "trusting in God" alternative is really a denial of secondary causality.

Auxiliary Bishop James Gumbleton of Detroit, asked at a nuclear arms conference at Loyola-Marymount University in Los Angeles what an enemy might do if one embraced pacifism, replied, "If God is calling me to convert, my only responsibility is to follow." The account in the *National Catholic Register* (November 22, 1981) continued: "When pressed for an answer . . . about whether he favored unilateral disarmament by the United States, the bishop did not give a definite yes or no but expressed the hope that, if we disarm, the Soviets 'and anyone else who has nuclear weapons' would do the same. Pointing to a large crucifix on the wall behind him, he said: 'The foolishness of God is the very thing that will give us hope. . . . I'm saying that "the just war" does not square with the Gospel.' "

We are tempted to wonder: What if the Soviets do not follow our pious example and disarm? Is it sinful *then* to think of other consequences, perhaps more dire than obliteration itself? Is it, after all, so moral to advocate policies that would put us all under such regimes as those Solzhenitsyn warns us against? When "morality" inevitably leads a



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society in the direction of the worst regime, what kind of morality is it? What if our pursuit of the putative best results in our ending up with the worst? Are we then ipso facto holy?

In recent years, it would seem, wiser Marxists have learned that religion, "opium of the people" though it may be, has its uses, particularly when it forsakes transcendence for woolly notions of social justice and peace at any cost.

Glowing descriptions of Nicaragua and denigrations of our free society go hand in hand with rejecting the means of preventing the totalitarianization of the United States itself

Those who would deny us a workable deterrent on moral grounds are most numerous among those ideological factions in the U.S. Catholic Conference and in the churches who, on looking at Cuba, Nicaragua, and El Salvador, see nothing in absolutist socialist states or movements but some sort of wave of the future or model of public justice. And in truth, accepting such regimes as legitimate is the easiest way to resolve the practical problems posed by nuclear pacifism. Glowing descriptions of Nicaragua and denigrations of the free society we live in go hand in hand with rejecting the means of preventing the totalitarianization of the United States itself.

For all its lofty rhetoric, unilateral nuclear pacifism betrays a kind of covert materialism. In the name of "Morality," it is willing to sacrifice all higher values that need real defense and commitment. No one has put it better than C. S. Lewis in his essay "Why I Am Not a Pacifist":

> The doctrine that war is always a greater evil seems to imply a materialist ethic, a belief that death and pain are the greatest evils. But I do not think they are. I think the suppression of a higher religion by a lower, or even a higher secular culture by a lower, a much greater evil. . . .
>
> Only liberal societies tolerate pacifists. In the liberal society, the number of pacifists will either be large enough to cripple the state as a belligerent or not. If not, you have done nothing. If it is large enough, then you have handed over the state which does tolerate pacifists to its totalitarian neighbor which does not. Pacifism of this kind is taking the straight road to a world in which there will be no pacifists. [*The Weight of Glory*, Macmillan, 1980.]

All this episcopal pacifism cannot be regarded as either harmless or innocent. It is based on the assumption that weapons are simply things, evil objects, and it ignores the political context in which they were produced and the ends they serve. If the *summum bonum* is merely preventing the world from being blown up, we are headed for a world organized by the doctrine that only physical survival matters. This is the very opposite of everything noble in Western political theory and ethics. Yet we are being told by Christians—believers in the Resurrection—that death is the greatest of evils. Christianity is reduced to a doctrine of surrender, a gelded Hobbesianism, waving the white flag in the war of all against all. For if it is immoral to use nuclear weapons, it must be equally immoral, perhaps even more so, *not* to yield to a nuclear threat, which would leave society in absolute subjection. This yielding kind of morality requires giving nobody any responsibility in the world but God Himself—not a traditional Christian mentality and outlook, I think.

Fortunately, responsible laymen dismiss it. A recent letter to the *National Catholic Register* bespeaks the sentiments likely to actuate Christian Americans directly responsible for their country's fate:

> It is no secret that the Catholic Bishops (NCCB) have abandoned their religious responsibility to the whims, dictates, and urgings of various departments within the United States Catholic Conference and dissident theologians. . . . These bishops and assorted Catholic spokesmen advocating unilateral disarmament may think nothing of national suicide as long as it is only their own, but morally speaking, they have no right to impose their madness on the rest of us.

The columnist Patrick Buchanan offers a prediction in a similar vein: "Catholic leaders will give the bishops' declaration [on nuclear disarmament] the same weight that Protestant military officers and political leaders have given to such pronouncements from the World Council of Churches. Which is roughly zero."

Father Kenneth Baker, SJ, editor of the lively *Homiletic and Pastoral Review* and a shrewd bishop-watcher, recently remarked that the United States Catholic Conference—a management organization assigned to represent Catholic interests at the national level—has taken on a sort of independent life, with its own points of view, cadre, experts, and interests. The result is a case of the bureaucratic tail wagging the episcopal dog, the bishops following the lead of their own underlings—a phenomenon not unknown in other institutions, to be sure, but a strange state of affairs for spiritual leaders to be enmeshed in.

Another kind of leadership is beginning to make itself heard. Terence Cardinal Cooke has set the debate in a much more responsible and truly *political* framework. "The Church," he points out, "has traditionally taught and continues to teach that a government has both the right and the duty to protect its people against unjust aggression." This places the center of discussion of morality where it should be, not in the "thingness" of weapons, but in the calculated judgment of living estimates about human action and how to prevent the worst. Archbishop Hunthausen, in his letter, remarked that the mere possession of nuclear weapons "makes nuclear war inevitable," but this kind of determinism fails to appreciate the reality of politics, its power and nature. Words like "inevitable" or "necessary" do not arise from a Western Christian vocabulary, nor do they arise from a tradition of free politics.

Cardinal Cooke went on: "The Church does *not* require, nor have the popes of the nuclear age or the Second Vatican Council recommended, unilateral disarmament." This means, in effect, that the long, anguished, careful political judgment of actual military and civilian leaders, who are responsible for the defense of a real people, cannot be bypassed by ecclesiastics not primarily responsible for a country's security. Moral decision is not the monopoly of the cleric, especially in politics, even though the cleric can have opinions. Political leaders, who judge according to their country's political processes what they must do to prevent nuclear war (or its moral

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equivalent) from happening—this is *why* they built weapons in the first place—do not act immorally because of what nuclear weapons *might* do, considered as mere objects. Moreover, political (and religious) leaders must know and estimate what would happen if they did *not* possess and threaten to use such weapons: "As a matter of fact, millions of people may be alive in the world today precisely because government leaders in various nations know that if they attacked other nations, at least on a large scale, they themselves would suffer tremendous losses of human life and even be destroyed." Whatever we think of it, this sort of political "education" of our enemy is needed in the world in which we live precisely in order to *prevent* something worse, including the use of nuclear weapons.

"What about the popes? Aren't recent popes pacifist?" it will be asked. The popes are popes, men expected to be of peace, but not expected to be naïve. John Paul II knows who invaded Poland in 1939. He expects politicians to do the tasks they were elected to do, one of which is to defend their peoples. He hates war and weapons of war, as all good soldiers also do. But he understands the kind of world we live in. He knows what life is like in the Soviet shadow. Stalin may have wondered how many divisions the pope had, but this Pope knows how many missiles the Soviets have deployed and the kind of language it takes to keep them from using them for political advantage. When he advocates disarmament, it is *always* mutual, assured, careful disarmament, a kind that will guarantee freedom, national integrity, and only then peace.

Not all Christians, then, have ceased to read Augustine, to be sure. But many do seem not to know what the world is like, what goes on in it. They are genuinely surprised by lies, threats, deceit, and corruption. They are even more surprised that somebody must bear the sword, as Scripture said.

I believe that nuclear war *can* be prevented, but *not* by pacifist or unilateral disarmament schemes preached in the name of religion. These latter almost invariably become tools for something worse.

Let me cite just one more letter, again from the laity, valuable not for its "authority" but just because it comes from the ordinary thinking Catholic, illustrative, perhaps, of how out of step many members of the Catholic hierarchy are with their people:

Stalin may have wondered how many divisions the pope had; this Pope knows how many missiles the Soviets have deployed and the kind of language it takes to keep them from using them

> Our bishops seem to be speaking with a single voice, and most of their observations are undeniable, as far as they go. To say that the use of weapons of mass destruction is intrinsically immoral is, if anything, a weak understatement. We will all agree that their use must be excluded absolutely as an option of our national policy, that our first priority must be to exclude any prospect of nuclear war from human history.
>
> But there is tension between these observations, undeniable as they are, and the facts of the human predicament: facts which do indeed seem to mandate the possession of nuclear weapons. There are at least three considerations, which the bishops sidestep, which impair the validity of their perspective:
>
> 1) It is not within the power of this country single-handedly to remove the threat posed by nuclear weapons. We can disarm, but the threat will still be there. Our only options are in the direction of reducing or inhibiting the likelihood of their use. 2) A second major objective of our national policy, with a priority companion to world peace and closely related to it, must be the containment of Soviet imperialism. A national posture that is tentative and indecisive, as so often in the past, has only increased the jeopardy. Protracted indefinitely, it is only the more explosive. 3) Unilateral disarmament will not defuse the threat, nor render it more remote. Just the opposite: in removing a deterrence, it enhances the threat.
>
> It must be said that the essential problem is Soviet armaments rather than our own. The Soviets will not disarm themselves. The instincts of our present Administration are sound and well attested: the Soviets will do what they can get away with. . . . [*The Monitor*, San Francisco, November 19, 1981.]

Such is pretty much the common sense of the matter. This is hardly the dramatic gesture of sacrificing one's weapons in the vain hope of response or remorse. Neither is it naïve, or inattentive to the situation and the alternatives. Cardinal Cooke has given us some hope that the U.S. hierarchy can still listen to voices from the pews and open its eyes to what are the likely alternatives. In being grateful to the pacifist bishops for clearing the air, we are now in a position to drop the pacifism of the bishops themselves, drop it in the name of something that is *far* more likely to prevent nuclear war than their theories. One hopes they sense which way the wind is blowing. □

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JOSEPH SOBRAN

Passing Through

C. H. SIMONDS

THE DESK recalls Kafka's Castle: one cannot be certain where it begins, where it ends. Is the case of Shasta Lo-Cal Tiki Punch Soda on the desk, or is it on the pile of records on the pile of books on the pile of Sunday newspapers on the conjectural floor?

Examined cautiously, The Desk reveals itself to be indeed a desk—call it the *ur*-desk—supplemented, buttressed, by long temporary tables of the kind offered by E-Z Rent-Alls, and some fiberboard shipping cartons, and stacks of this and that; the whole concatenation covered by a metastasizing strew of copy paper, books, clippings, books, magazines, books, and empty red-white-and-green de Nobilis cigar packets that cascades here and there to the floor and laps at the walls. Somewhere is the gate to the space warp via which this mass of printed paper extends the eighty or so miles to the sub-Desk at NATIONAL REVIEW in New York.

Built-ins! the conventional mind screams. Built-in bookshelves! Built-in filing cabinets! Built-in trash compactor! But no, that is not the style. Clearly, this family room of a newish suburban residence has been subverted, much as the interiors one sees in *True Crime* have been by counterfeiters, kidnappers, whatever. The fireplace says it all: Dad, Mom, and 2.54 kids do not gather before this one; it is full of books. For all the clutter, there is an air of impermanence. One might return tomorrow morning to find the room empty save for a scrap of paper, a curl of dust. One imagines the *Post* headline: POLEMICIST, BROOD DECAMP IN NIGHT! In no future can one imagine a plaque over the mantelpiece announcing that here Joseph Sobran politely refuted Garry Wills, defended Alexander Hamilton against Vernon Jordan, distilled de Maistre for the Op-Ed pages of a hundred newspapers.

Sobran himself is upstairs dressing for some literary taffy-pull in New York, having torn himself away from a Saturday afternoon C-movie version of Conan Doyle's *The Lost World* ("I read the book the other day"). In the rest of the house, suburbia reigns nicely: the beer in the fridge is cold; there *is* a fire in the woodstove in the sun room; children, Sobran's and others', are in and out.

He descends, rumpled already; stately, plump like Buck Mulligan; dark hair unfashionably slicked down like Alfalfa's in the *Our Gang* comedies; round face resembling the young Mencken's, but less quizzical-snide, more prone to smile. His offspring crowd around to, variously, say goodbye and cadge rides to town. Clearly, he and they care for one another, in both senses of the word: Vanessa, a pre-Raphaelite but healthy-cheeked 14, totes a lumpy plastic bag: "I'll take these back to the library for you, Dad. I think they were due in August."

Driving through Lawrenceville, up into Princeton, Sobran remarks with perfunctory dismissive courtesy toward his surroundings, "Nice country." One imagines him speaking likewise to Carmel or Gopher Prairie or any other place where more conventional folk are utterly delighted to live or not live. Deposited suddenly in Patagonia, he would glance around, mutter, "Nice country," and go stumping off in search of a bookstore. He is not, in the narrow geographical sense, a rooted man. He is in southern New Jersey simply because that is where he can afford to live comfortably, with amenities for his children, and still commute to New York (though, as it turns out, he is within easier reach of Philadelphia).

Unconcern with nonessentials (he can live pleasantly anywhere; his wardrobe is well-worn corduroy; his body would make Jack LaLanne an eremite) is no quirk, it is the secret of Sobran's production—three newspaper columns a week, pieces major and minor for *NR*, several books in progress—and of its quality: he dashes nothing off; every idea is thoroughly chewed, every sentence carefully shaped; again and again, his work reveals that he has read, well, everything.

Campus Life

Sobran grew up in Ypsilanti, Michigan, in a steady, middle-class, Stevenson Democrat household. "I was raised a lapsed Catholic," he now says. Early on, he haunted bookstores (a recreation he still pursues); in one, he encountered a Type he has despised since, the bullying intellectual—"a guy who had read more books than you had, and let you know it even when you were in junior high school."

He spent "five wonderful years" at Eastern Michigan University. "I didn't do much serious studying because I could get by on what I had already read. I would always rather read Shakespeare or Shakespeare criticism. Of course, I was married and raising kids already, so I didn't get very much into the thick of campus life. I was always working full time."

Campus life, just then, was thick with the radicalism of the Sixties; Sobran recalls his peers "being given all these encouragements and enticements to become radicals, then being told they were brave nonconformists for doing so." He, of course, went the other way. "It was reading Bill Buckley and Ayn Rand that did it. Immediately, they not only convinced me, but relieved me. I

Mr. Simonds, for seven years an editor at NATIONAL REVIEW, *now teaches at the Indian Mountain School in Lakeville, Connecticut.*

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was so happy not to be burdened with that vague liberal consensus any more."

Buckley and Rand were, even then, mutually anathematical; Sobran, ever reasonable and temperate, inclined to the former—luckily, he now says: "What bothers me is all the people who start off reading Ayn Rand, and wind up leftists and can't tell you why."

"I became conservative right at the moment when everyone else was going left, when that was the fashion. I should have had more fun first—it's like getting married early, which I also did. About two weeks after I had become conservative, I was conservative about everything, and my life since then has been a series of small irritations." He piqued too soon.

After college, he slid into graduate school and a job in a mental hospital —"on the midnight shift, so I could just read or engage in polemics." Then his marriage dissolved, leaving him with children to care for, so he packed up and came east to join the NATIONAL REVIEW staff.

Not 'Growing'

A favorite Sobran word is "grown" —he utters it with magnificent distaste, conjuring for him as it does all those intellectual bullies (Garry Wills, Larry King, Bill Moyers) who "write with such contrition about having once been patriotic Americans, having come from the South or from a Catholic family, but having left all that behind, come to New York, and *grown* into doctrinaire leftists."

Has *he* grown? "Absolutely not. I think I get more crabby and narrowed and wizened every day. I get more bitter at all the irritations accumulating all the time, souring me." His brow furrows, making him resemble a Thurber dog. "You know, I'm the sort of guy who still gets mad at Jane Fonda, which is like getting mad at a horsefly. I get the feeling I'm going to have to drop the subject of politics altogether—it's really bad for the temper. There's just too much to refute."

Yet he keeps coming back for more. One suspects there is not a word written by or about, e.g., Jane Fonda that he has not dutifully read and, incredibly, pondered; told by some sadist that Wills was polishing a multi-volume biography of Pope Joan, he would sigh, rub the bridge of his nose, and call the publishers to request an advance copy. He may talk tough, but it is difficult to imagine him dropping any subject, least of all politics.

And for all his professed crankiness, Sobran is a gentle, amiable man. His response to even the most egregious Yahooism seldom exceeds the sigh and the wince, after which he gets down to the business of applying fundamental principles. Anyone in his line of work needs an emotional refuge; Sobran, it seems, is blessed with three. He enjoys, first of all, the security of one whose philosophical position is unshakable. Then, there is religious faith: he delapsed some years ago. "I'm not a very good Catholic," he admits, "but then, the Church wasn't founded for very good Catholics. I like to think of myself as the raison d'etre of the Catholic Church." Finally, there are his children—Vanessa; Kent, 15, forthright, and big for his age; Michael, a pleasantly owlish 12-year-old; and Christina, nine. They are nicely mannered but not at all intimidated; Sobran's pride and pleasure in them is unmistakable.

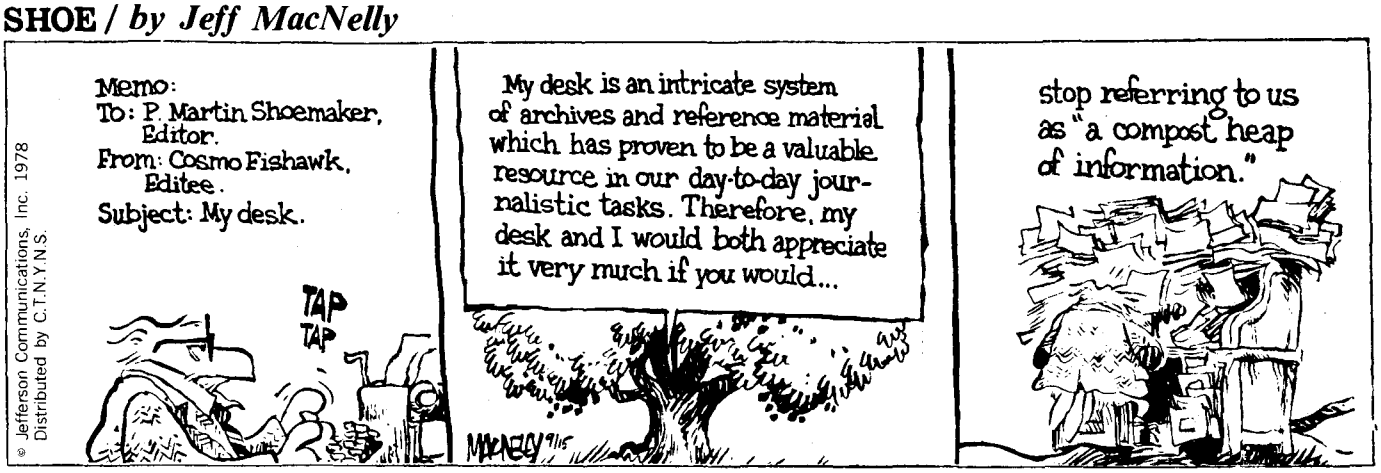
"I've brought them up myself for the most part," he says. "I think, though —it sounds awful to say—that kids pretty much raise themselves, that they're going to be what they're going to be. You set up civilized standards, they do the rest." He must be doing something right; what? "I think I'm probably a good companion for them. I don't mean a peer, but an older companion. I've never tried to be consciously a formative force; I've never pushed them into anything. What you see in them that's nice is some kind of expression of their own resources."

Hoagie Haven

The car lurches through Times Square, which, too, must be refuted: LIVE XXX GAY BOYLESK!!! "I don't care what those relativists say—those parts weren't *meant* to go together." He thinks of Europe, whence he has lately returned: "Coming back was like walking into a giant K-Mart." Effete snobbery? From one who has hours before lunched with relish at Hoagie Haven in Princeton; who watches daytime television? "I like being in new places."

Nice country? No, what attracts him, it emerges, is the intellectual challenge. "I'd like to live in France or Italy or Austria for a few years, until I got to know it from the inside. I'd like to write in French—it's a test. If you have a thought worth uttering, you should be able to make it intelligible even to a Frenchman." Picture it: *Le feuilletoniste américain*, cheerfully inditing his uniquely lucid prose for the Op-Ed page of *Le Monde*, only to discover that Jane, Tom, Garry, and Larry have set up a commune next door . . . □

SHOE / *by Jeff MacNelly*


Memo:
To: P. Martin Shoemaker, Editor.
From: Cosmo Fishawk, Editee.
Subject: My desk.
TAP TAP
My desk is an intricate system of archives and reference material which has proven to be a valuable resource in our day-to-day journalistic tasks. Therefore, my desk and I would both appreciate it very much if you would...
stop referring to us as "a compost heap of information."
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THE TROY REPORT

In Media Res

S. L. VARNADO

AND NOW . . . from our studios in Troy . . . this is the TV Evening News . . . with anchorman Ptolemy Rathers, and the Alpha Beta Zeta news team.

PTOLEMY RATHERS *(crisply):* Good evening. Our lead story tonight deals with the mounting crisis in the Priam Administration over the large Wooden Horse that was found this morning on a lonely strip of beach near the camp of the Greek freedom fighters. A team of UN observers has confiscated the horse under international law, but the Priam Administration has filed a protest with the Security Council, claiming that the horse is full of Greek soldiers and munitions which are to be smuggled into Troy. King Priam, vacationing with Queen Hecuba at their summer palace at Camp Delphos, has sent word by messenger that the Wooden Horse is to be turned over to Pentagon officials and held until it can be inspected by an international team of Orkin men. Meanwhile, feeling is growing here in the capital that the Administration is trying to use the Horse in its campaign to win the appropriations battle over the two hundred Titan XII catapults it wants. And now, for an on-the-scene report, we go to MENELAUS MUDD at the Greek camp.

MENELAUS MUDD *(microphone, clipboard, hair blowing in breeze):* Here on the lonely, windswept beaches outside Troy, where some of the fiercest fighting of the war has taken place, a Trojan reconnaissance patrol this morning discovered the large equestrian statue that is now being called the Wooden Horse. *(Camera shots of the Horse from all angles.)* The Horse stands about one hundred cubits high, is made of solid oak, and is already covered with graffiti, including such specimens as "Greeks 15—Trojans 11," "Mom, I love you. Oedipus," and "Hic Erat Kilroybus." Although most neutral observers have concluded that the Horse is simply a great big *objet d'art*, the Priam Administration, acting with what one source called "its usual paranoia," has taken the position that the Horse is full of Greek soldiers. Standing beside me and representing this rather extreme view is Secretary of State Alexandrus. Mr. Secretary, may I ask you to explain why—in the face of mounting evidence—the Administration clings to this exploded theory of a hollow horse? Isn't it pretty obvious that the thing is just a big, solid, and rather badly carved piece of oak?

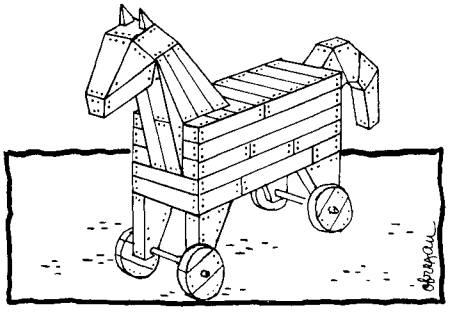
ALEXANDRUS *(smiling):* Well, Mr. Mudd, let me try to make the Administration's position perfectly clear. First, we have nothing against the Horse itself. King Priam loves horses, and most of the Cabinet rides. Secondly, we're not saying positively that the Horse is full of Greek soldiers. What we are saying is that we are getting mixed signals from the Greeks. Finally—and here I don't want to reveal my sources—a pattern of evidence is emerging.

MUDD: Could you be specific?

ALEXANDRUS: Well, if you observe closely, you will notice that what appear to be the thing's eyes are actually retractable headlights. Secondly, there's a sign under the stomach that says, "equipped with Inflatable Air Bags." And finally, there are doors on each flank marked "Emergency Exit."

MUDD: But that's all so theoretical. Any hard evidence?

ALEXANDRUS: Yes. Again, I can't reveal my sources, but I have here some photographs taken last night by an intelligence agent which show a delivery truck from Pizza Hut pulling up under the Horse with an order of Family Size Deep Crust Pizzas, including sausage and pepperoni topping. And this morning there were empty cartons, napkins, and paper cups all over the sand.



MUDD: How is the Administration reacting to this?

ALEXANDRUS: We're taking a wait-and-see attitude at present, but if there are Greeks in that thing they're going to face a pretty stiff fine for littering.

RATHERS *(breaking in):* Excuse me for interrupting, Mr. Secretary, but we have a news bulletin coming in over the wire. For that story we go to PENELOPE SAVITCH outside the Palace.

PENELOPE SAVITCH *(looking windblown and dramatic, with shot of Palace in background):* Here at Palace headquarters, where the Priam Cabinet is trying to quell mounting opposition to their Horse policy, word has been received of the tragic assassination of conservative Senator Jessie Laocoon. The Senator was holding a press conference at which he said, "I fear the Greeks bearing gifts," when two enormous sea serpents broke in, smashed the cameras of several reporters, and ate the Senator. The sea serpents are being held in custody, but most observers conclude that the Senator's credibility has been badly damaged. This is PENELOPE SAVITCH, returning you to our news room in Troy.

RATHERS: Thank you, Penelope, and I would just add that there is a growing opinion around Troy that King Priam and the Administration have made another of their classic blunders. To sound out public feeling on this matter, we asked an independent news agency to conduct a poll for us. The results of the poll are as follows:

What is your opinion of the Wooden Horse? Like it: 63 per cent. Don't care for it: 22 per cent. Think we should not look it in the mouth: 15 per cent.

What do you think of Priam's handling of this question? So-so: 32 per cent. Clumsy: 24 per cent. Made ass of himself: 44 per cent.

What should be done with the Wooden Horse? Keep as trophy: 35 per cent. Use for firewood: 29 per cent. King Priam knows what he can do with it: 36 per cent.

And now until tomorrow this is PTOLEMY RATHERS bidding you goodnight from our Alpha Beta Zeta newsroom in Troy. □

Mr. Varnado is a professor of English at the University of South Alabama.

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Comments

THE FOUNDATION AND THE ACADEMY

I was surprised to read in Stephen Tonsor's essay "The Foundation and the Academy" [May 14] that I am an ex-Trotskyist convert to neoconservatism. First, I was never a Trotskyist. Second, I am not a neoconservative. I was—and to the extent the terms still have any meaning—a right-wing socialist, or, since I do not like any affiliation with "right-wing," a Social Democrat. (That history has been restated most recently in my essay "First Love and Early Sorrows," in *Partisan Review* [#4, 1981].)

Mr. Tonsor also writes that Irving Kristol and Gertrude Himmelfarb "were leading figures in the Trotskyist club at the University of Chicago." Not so. Mr. Kristol was never a student at the University of Chicago. Miss Himmelfarb was a graduate student there in the last years and shortly after World War II, but had left the Trotskyists in New York by 1940-41, as had Mr. Kristol.

About Willi Schlamm: he was not a "former German Communist," but a former Austrian Communist. There never was such a journal as the *Wiener Weltbühne*; the magazine was published in Prague. William Henry Chamberlin is bracketed in the paragraph with those who had "never made the pilgrimage to Moscow," but he had, though becoming disillusioned long before most others.

It might also be noteworthy to point out, since large claims are being made, that both Schlamm and Chamberlin were columnists on *The New Leader*, a right-wing, *oops*, Social Democrat weekly, Schlamm finding a transitional home there on emigrating to the U.S. in 1938, and Chamberlin for many, many years thereafter. *The New Leader* was anti-Communist and anti-totalitarian when Chambers, Burnham, Meyer, etc. etc. were fervent Communists and Trotskyists.

Small factual mistakes may not impair a large historical thesis but, like gritty sand, still irritate, and do not produce pearls.

Daniel Bell
Cambridge, Mass.

As an historian I am always delighted to have the record set straight. But as an historian I know too that the literal truth often conceals or obscures the historical reality. Party membership either in the sectarianism of the Left or the Right may be an important fact to the participants; the reality of the intellectual sympathy and commitment is historically the more interesting truth. Mr. Bell's politics as regards neoconservatism are rather like the religion of George Santayana, of whom it was said that Santayana did not believe in God but believed the Virgin Mary was His mother. It is another way, one always suspects, of running with the hares and hunting with the hounds.

Stephen J. Tonsor
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Professor Tonsor includes as a subset of the Cultural Conservatives, "the followers of Leo Strauss." Cultural Conservatives, moving in the political tradition of Edmund Burke, are said to have as "the chief and most articulate spokesman, Russell Kirk." With this latter I have no quarrel. Any set of ideas whose elements are explicated by Mr. Kirk are molded in excellent form. However, Leo Strauss and his followers are not attached to the Burkean tradition. Rather, Strauss, Diamond, Jaffa, et al. specifically deny our dependence on Europe. Tonsor's three sets may be four distinct entities, all of which require full status.

Oran W. Palmer
Claremont, Calif.

I enjoyed Stephen J. Tonsor's "The Foundation and the Academy" very much. I am rather perplexed, however, by Mr. Tonsor's remarks that "modern Europeans have become Communists oftener as a consequence of metaphysical anxiety than material deprivation." Even if this is true, how does that refute the solution of the economists and the libertarians to both Communism and statism? Tonsor goes on to say that "cultural conservatives" often find the "narrow economic vision of second-generation American economists, in contrast to their great European mentors . . . to be philistine, narrow, instrumental, and without any trace of broad humanistic concerns." Pray tell, what was Mises doing in *Human Action*, if not explaining all significant human behavior in terms of "economics," or what the great economist called "praxeology"? Those of us who advocate the market as the "answer" to man's problems have never claimed that the market will ease everyone's metaphysical anxieties, only that an unrestrained market will make human life materially more satisfying and grant to each man the right to ease his metaphysical anxieties without the heavy hand of the state instructing him in the proper mode of such easing. I can think of nothing more "humanistic" than this.

Please, more "Ideology." It's the best feature of *NR*.

Jim Downard
Wellston, Ohio

Stephen Tonsor's article catalyzed several vague doubts that have been growing in my mind about the Reagan Administration.

Is Reagan's policy non-Communistic in its essence or is it merely another dreary exercise in capitalistic profit-taking, before the roof caves in? "They tend to forget," Tonsor writes of the conservative economists, "that men do not live by bread alone." If we are or wish to be the God-fearing nation the after-dinner speakers claim we are, then

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it cannot be with the marketplace as our cornerstone. Economics is like the engine of a car, it is essential and it may work perfectly but that's no insurance against a crash. Engine trouble is one way to break down but not the only way.

There is also something chilling about the present Administration's foreign policy. Our policy—strongly smelling of World War II nostalgia and tinged with religious strife—actively betrays and insults the South Americans. Throughout it all, there is the thread, ever present if in the background: Argentina is backward, authoritarian, Catholic. And what does the American Right do? Watch in mesmerized obedience as its leaders play games with the explosive theories of "progressive" history.

The silence of conservatism in the face of its leadership is a serious flaw which will probably send us lurching into the darkness of economic salvationism.

A. Loscalzo
Chicago, Ill.

Stephen Tonsor is quite right to stress the importance of intellectuals to the modern conservative movement. But I think he overdoes it, in at least two respects.

In the first place, he strains credulity when he dates modern conservatism from the mid-1950s. Many of the ideas around which today's conservative movement was built were vital forces in American life well before then. Tonsor solemnly states that Russell Kirk and his "cultural conservative" group "believed that religion and a civic morality rooted in religious values were essential to the survival of the Republic," as if this idea were a discovery of theirs. It was hardly that; it can indeed be traced back to the *Mayflower* without too much difficulty. Moreover, in the mid-1950s the supposition that American society had a religious (specifically Christian) foundation was still conventional wisdom in many parts of the country. So too with the principle of limited government; Americans had both preached and practiced it for hundreds of years before modern conservative economists came along.

Tonsor also errs in assuming that intellectuals, because they are primarily concerned with ideas, are the primary source of ideas. They are not. "Get government off the people's backs" is not fundamentally a slogan distilled from the ruminations of academics. It is rather a product of the aggravation felt by ordinary citizens forced to deal with excessive taxation and regulation and to witness governmental mismanagement of the national economy. Concepts such as these can, it is true, be profitably analyzed and developed by intellectuals, but need not have their origins in foundations or universities.

Modern conservatism affirms the American traditions that liberalism has rejected: individual liberty, the opportunity to make one's own fortune free from undue governmental interference, the role of the United States as a powerful force for good in the world, and particular emphasis on Christian values as the cornerstone of the Republic. That modern conservative intellectuals have embraced these traditions is to their credit, but just as they did not themselves start the conservative movement, neither will they be able to sustain it by themselves in the future.

Joseph Britt
East Northport, N.Y.

Glorobots

A hospital robot named Sam
With a faulty perceptual cam
    Perceived as new-born
    An old man new-shorn,
And wheeled him off in a pram.

A self-evolved robot named Babbitt,
Because of his dubious habit
    Of unbridled mating
    And self-propagating,
Was housed in a hutch like a rabbit.

Deprived of an integral cog,
A handsome computerized dog
    Confused the commands
    And, told to "shake hands,"
Uplifted his leg with a jog.

The computerized pup had appeal,
But neighbors complained a good deal,
    For his bark was a cluck
    That was chronically stuck
Like the horn of an automobile.

The programmer swore with a vow
He simply could not explain how
    His computerized cat
    Purred, kneaded, and spat,
But answered his call with "Bow wow!"

The sensory robots are near
But will not be ready this year,
    For each of them tries
    To eat with his eyes,
And cocks his nose trying to hear.

A studious robot in wrath
Abandoned the flower-strewn path
    Of music and lit,
    For he had to admit
He was a lot better at math.

—Gloria A. Maxson

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Nazis and Other Socialists

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

RECENTLY, I received a questionnaire from a well-known German historical research institute, which asked what I had done in World War II to "fight Fascism." I replied bluntly that I had had relatively little interest in Fascism. The problems of Germany, Bohemia-Moravia, and Austria were nearer to my heart than those of Italy, so my concern in World War II had been with National and International Socialism.

The phrase "National Socialism" has a certain archaic ring to it nowadays, having been replaced almost entirely by the word "Nazism." The full extent of this process became clear to me upon checking the current *Encyclopedia Britannica*, which, I found, lists neither "National Socialism" nor the "National Socialist Party," but merely the "Nazi Party." To be consistent, the *Britannica* would have had to list the "Communist Party" as the "Bolshie Party."

Moscow Says

"National Socialism," which sounds dangerously like "International Socialism," is one of the expressions that Moscow has tried to erase from the public vocabulary from the moment German armies invaded Russia in 1941, a year and a half after the Soviet-National Socialist alliance was formed. Even "Nazi" and "Nazism" ("Nazi" being simply the German abbreviation for "national") are taboo words among Communists, who want to wipe out of the popular mind any notion of this being an ideology of the Left. (Recall that the Nuremberg trial of 1946 was officially called—as a compromise, it seems—the "Trial of the Nazi Conspirators.") They prefer to speak, instead, of "Hitlerites" and "Fascists." This is yet another irony, for historically "Fascism" as well as "Nazism" has a socialist origin. The twentieth century Fascists came from the ranks of the Italian Socialist Party and were from start to finish a party that boasted of its "antibourgeois" character.

Just as some of our contemporaries still claim that what we see in the USSR is not "genuine socialism," so it is said that the Nazis were not socialist, but capitalist. I once met a leftist who tried to convince me that the German National Socialists were followers of Adam Smith and that German "capitalists" profited from the war. I pointed out that "capitalists" had done quite well before the Nazis came to power, and that the war was just as likely to destroy their families and factories as to make them rich. (The then patriarch of a family known in the popular press as "Merchants of Death," the Krupps, had five sons in the last war. Two were killed, one was gravely wounded, one spent over ten years in Russian captivity, and the fifth was imprisoned by the Allies—"in place of his father.")

Ludwig von Mises has said very accurately that the only choice the German industrialists had in 1933 was to "be seduced by the Nazis into becoming their own shop managers, or to be liquidated by the Communists in the Russian manner. There was no third choice open to them" (*Omnipotent Government*, 1944). Mises also wrote that "the philosophy of the Nazis is the purest and most consistent manifestation of the anticapitalist and socialist spirit of the age" (*Socialism*, 1951). Wilhelm Roepke said the same in his *Internationale Ordnung* (1945), and Carlo Sforza, the Italian exile, told us that "the program of Fascism as drafted in 1919 was vehemently anticapitalist. The most radical New Dealers and even Communists could agree with it" (*Contemporary Italy*, 1944).

While many German historians (always on the Left) include "National Socialism" under the heading of Fascism, Hannah Arendt strongly insisted on a differentiation between the two—the most important distinction, she argued, being that Italian Fascism was in principle a "statism" inspired by Roman antiquity whereas the German disease was a combination of nationalism and racism. Whereas German Socialists call themselves simply *Genossen* (comrades), for example, the Nazis used the terms *Parteigenossen* and *Volksgenossen*. But despite these differences between Fascism and National Socialism, it is true —though not in the way the leftists would have us believe—that their end was the same. For it is in the nature of every brand of totalitarianism, whatever its original character, to develop into an omnipotent state.

What Kind of Socialism

In the face of the Communist taboo on identifying "National Socialism" with Hitler's regime, many Europeans are tormented by a specific fear: that this term, with its double rhetorical appeal, could one day become a drawing card in the hands of the East. Until quite recently old Prussia was denounced by the Eastern bloc. Today the monument of Frederick II has been re-erected in East Berlin, and "Prussia" is no longer a bad word. One day the rulers of East Berlin and Moscow could decide that Communism represents the "genuine National Socialism" of which Hitler's party was only a perversion. After all, what do the so-called socialist countries —from the "Union of Soviet Socialist Republics" to the "people's democracies" of Bulgaria and East Germany—really represent? They represent "socialisms." International or national socialisms? *National socialisms*, of course —each of these regimes relying, for what little support it still has among its subjects, on patriotism.

We must keep in mind that behind the Iron Curtain "cosmopolitan" is a very bad word indeed, and any and every denigration of one's country, any unpatriotic utterance, is severely punished. It would be naïve to imagine that a truly international spirit is being cultivated in the Soviet empire. World War II, in Soviet history, is the *otechestvenny voyna*, "the War of the Fatherland," i.e., "the patriotic war." In other words, Soviet strategists understand what sort of passions must be aroused to further their aims. They are good psychologists, aware that "National Socialism" is a label to be handled with great circumspection. It might become extremely useful one of these days —to them, not to us. □

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Books Arts & Manners

The Passing of the Postwar Age

America in Search of Itself: The Making of the President 1956-1980
By Theodore H. White
Harper and Row, 465 pp., $15.95

JEFFREY HART

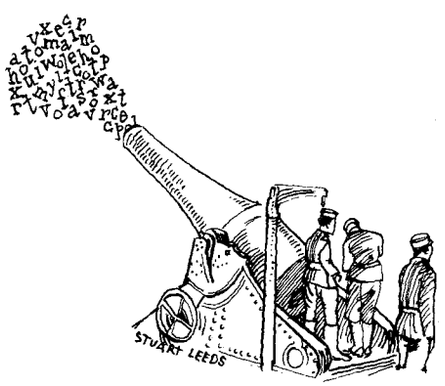
Theodore H. White is one of our most consistently interesting contemporary historians, and his Making of the President series, which began with Kennedy versus Nixon in 1960 and concludes with the present volume, has made a large contribution to our sense not only of American presidential politics but of American life itself in the post-World War II period.

It seems to me that it is important to define the special qualities of mind and heart that have given these books their generally perceived value. Theodore White is a very intelligent man, but there are lots of intelligent people who do not achieve the note that is pervasive in his writing. The late R. H. Tawney once remarked that love can be a mode of knowing. Some lovers, of course, are blind and go about in a kind of delirium; but others treasure every last detail, and want *more* detail, *more* understanding. That is what we find here. Theodore White loves America, and he has loved the great spectacle of the presidential campaigns. He savors the personalities and the strategies, the gossip and detail of the campaign, the issues both in their substance and in their political bearing. He wants to know how it all works, and what it all means. For him, love is indeed a mode of knowing.

And this informs his prose style. From it comes his celebratory impulse, and his sense of the elegiac; even in the midst of political battle, it is all passing, passing. "And now," writes Herodotus, "as he looked and saw the whole Hellespont covered with the vessels of his fleet . . . Xerxes congratulated himself on his good fortune; but after a little while he wept. . . . 'There came upon me,' he replied, 'a sudden pity, when I thought of the shortness of man's life, and considered that of all this host, so numerous as it is, not one will be alive when a hundred years are gone by.'" (In fact, the Greeks took a lot less than a hundred years to do the job.) So many of the greatest historians have the elegiac note that it must be central to the finest historical sensibility: Gibbon, Macaulay, Namier, Belloc, Mattingly . . . Theodore White.

The central theme of *America in Search of Itself* is surely correct: that the postwar period possessed substantial unity and that it came to an end with the presidential election of 1980. This is not just a convenient device to bring a series of books to an end; it is an undoubted fact. Alfred North Whitehead observes that a period in history is unified not by the answers it gives but by the questions it asks; people fight about the answers, but they agree on a core of pertinent questions. By 1980, the questions had become very different from the ones that had unified the postwar period.

"I weigh in," writes Mr. White, "with those who believe that, in 1980, Americans decisively repudiated a set of experiences and ideas that had brought them to a time of self-questioning. The evidence seems too overwhelming for me to think otherwise."



He believes, for example, that the 1980 election results meant that the idea of opportunity had defeated the idea of equality in the contest for a high place on the American political agenda. "My thinking is that by the time of the 1980 election, the pursuit of equality had created a set of interlocking dependencies, and the American people were persuaded that the cost of equality had come to crush the promise of opportunity. These ideas struggled with each other all through the campaign, and the one idea prevailed over the other."

In support of this thesis, one may note that there are *no* vast new egalitarian or redistributive measures on the congressional agenda, no, not even in the House, where the Democrats have a nominal majority. There are no new Great Societies. Reagan sets the agenda. The whole struggle is over how much he will get.

Mr. White tells very well the story of the Carter Administration, its ups and downs and ultimate failure—in Iran, over inflation, in negotiations with the Soviets. And now that it is all fading into the past, it is good to see Carter treated with respect as a human being (though I am unpersuaded that Ed Muskie was a "superlative" Secretary of State). Mr. White is fascinating on the story of the election, and con-

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J. O. Tate *is a professor of English at Dowling College on Long Island, New York.*

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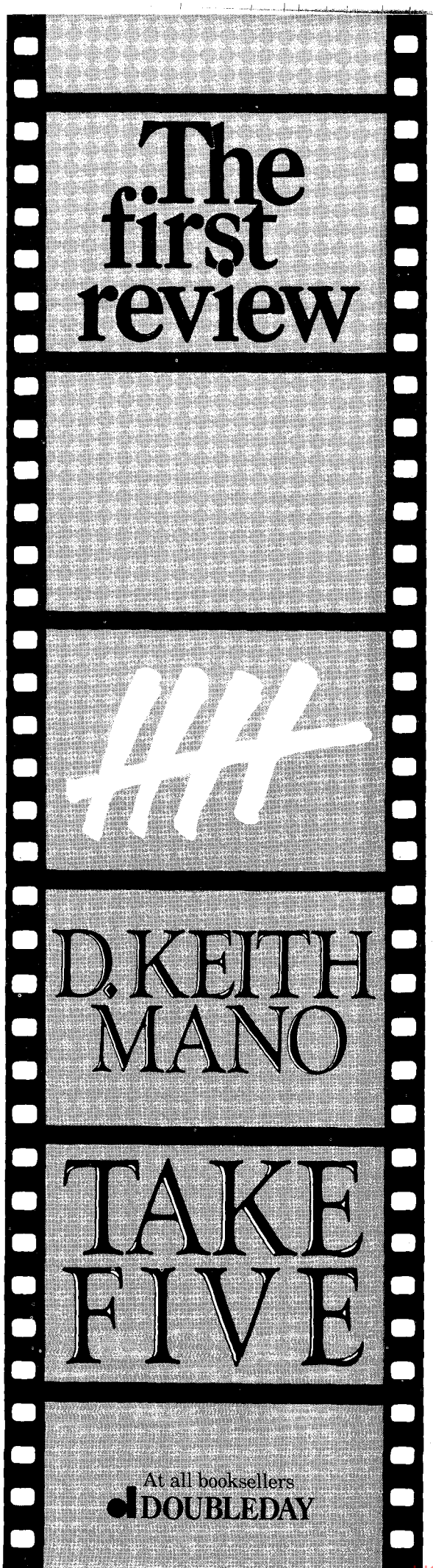

Books of The Times

By John Leonard

TAKE FIVE. By D. Keith Mano. 583 pages. Doubleday. $17.95.

IT is as if James Joyce, for his sins, had been forced to grow up in Queens; as if Sam Beckett had been mugged by Godot in a Flushing comfort station; as if Sid Caesar played the part of Moby-Dick in a Roman Polanski movie shot underwater in Long Island City; as if Martin Heidegger had gone into vaudeville and . . . never mind. Just boggle.

D. Keith Mano used to show up with a novel almost as often as the children come home with report cards. "Take Five," however, took him nine years. It is long enough for three ordinary novels and seems even longer because, second of all, it is paginated backward, and, firstly, every bone of it is scrimshawed. There isn't a word that hasn't been tattooed. It weighs on the eyes. And it seems to be trying to offend every race, color and creed.

Meet Simon Linxx. He is 6 feet 3, sometimes in a burnoose, sometimes in a gorilla suit, and believes himself to be descended from the Dutch who inexplicably decided to squat in surprising Bayside. His father had a radio program, his mother sucked his blood, and he wants to make a movie, "Jesus 2001," in which the Three Wise Men get off the D train and Christ is either an epileptic or a drug addict or "lead guitar with a group called the Gadarene Swine."

Making movies is expensive. For most of "Take Five," Simon tries to raise money. He will be, variously, black and Jewish and Spanish Republican. He will talk incessantly about sex and not get any. He will lose, one by one, all five of his senses, beginning with "the fire in your mouth." When he falls, too late, in love, she will be a priest, and the cross she wears will be abstract, "Jesus crucified, expressing Cubist pain."

Simon despises abstractions. Nor does he believe in history: "He hasn't seen it." He can't understand stillness: "It is, to him, not viable." He is fast, "but he has never yet been spontaneous." He hates laws and fears madness and treats everyone like a Polish joke. "I don't have many friends, but my enemies are very careful." Not even Sweden is safe: "The gross national product is hypocrisy and nudist volleyball." He thinks of himself as "the fullness of time," "a sweeping generalization," "the eye of America" and "the origin of the species." He is, we will learn, "dying of perception," of a "cancer of the impressions." A woman who loves him asks, "Who writes your material, Sophocles?"

A novel as demanding and resonant as "Take Five" needs explaining, and the explaining will use up too much space. But before we get at it, this should be said: More than half of "Take Five" is hilarious, even when it is vile. Mr. Mano speaks in many tongues, all of them vipers. What he tells us about Hollywood, the art world, Episcopalianism, homosexuality, Jewish motherhood, black huckstering, Eastern religion, Queens night life, Freud — "a Viennese fortune cookie" — and white dwarves is savage, but it is also very, very funny. You will laugh, and then feel guilty about it.

In this particular gear, Mr. Mano is Tom Wolfe and Hunter S. Thompson and Henderson the Rain King. He dances to scourge. Of course, Simon as a boy will have a dog and of course the dog will be a paranoid German shepherd whose name is Von Ribbentrop. Of course, the name of the priest he loves is Merry, and he will call her "Lamb Chop of God." Of course, God will call off his game with Isaac: "Whistle. Time out. Coach Yahweh wants to make a substitution: Abraham in foul trouble." Such humor is black, like the holes in the universe.

But Mr. Mano will do more than dance on our heads. "Take Five" is a novel of identity: Who is Simon, and why do his parents hate him? (Alert readers are reminded of the Gospel according to St. Luke.) It is a novel about 300 years of American history, a low-budget movie singing the song of assimilation. It is a novel about art, especially modernist art; its many parodies, puns and anagrams serve as a thesis on the nature of metaphor and play.

Not by accident does young Simon find speaking difficult; his tongue will need a knife; he will become a child again. Not by accident is the primitive Alf tattooed as a bestiary: "Eagle, lion, bull, snake, griffin, toad, shark, mosquito: The magic of pleistocene hunters: No human picture here." The games Mr. Mano plays with names and point of view, with contact lenses, are quite serious. (I don't, I admit, understand his obsession with umbrellas.)

Finally, though, "Take Five" is a novel about grace. Simon has sinned enough to be a saint. His very excess is a kind of innocence. He is passionate enough to deserve God. His changes of personality and identity — as though Melville and Thomas Mann had collaborated on a confidence man — are conversions and purifications according to the script written by Christian mystics. In losing his senses he gains his soul. His Uncle Arthur, the most likable character in the book, speaks of "the terrible attempt to silence the sensual faculties and drop into an absolute blackness of knowing. A total letting go."

The last 40 pages of "Take Five," as we fall toward zero, depict salvation as persuasively as Joyce did damnation in "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man." That is Mr. Mano's reversible point. Art is not enough. This is a difficult, astonishing, almost wicked gospel.

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vincing in his sense of Reagan's campaign strengths. I think, however, that it is his final chapter, called "Answers and Questions," that will excite the most discussion. In it he states, and states very sharply, the new questions that have yet to be answered but will be the central questions of the era that began in 1980: How much of our American abundance can we share with a world accustomed to our largesse? How are we to deal with a coordinated Japanese attack on our industries? What is the UN really good for? What about our current primary system? How far can/should law go in trying to separate money from influence? How should we seek to handle our looming problem of illegal immigration? Do we really want an entitlement society based on racial and ethnic quotas? Should it be federal policy to subsidize loans to every college student, or should merit play some role? Should the office of the Presidency be stronger, not weaker as it became after Johnson? If the President is to be held responsible for economic performance, should he not have more control over the Federal Reserve Board?

Every reader will add to this list of questions; but Mr. White has made his point. These are not the questions of the old postwar era, and this book both surveys that era and discerns the future. Let us hope that for Mr. White—and for his country—it will be, as Milton wrote in "Lycidas": "Tomorrow to fresh woods, and pastures new." □

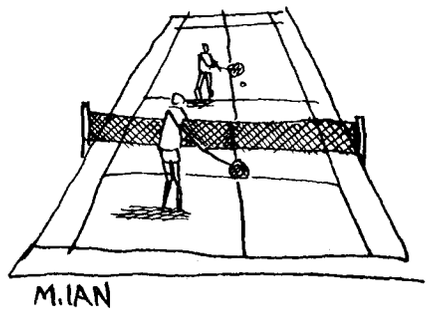
The Pursuit of Virtue and Other Tory Notions
By George F. Will
Simon and Schuster, 397 pp., $16.50

THE BIG TORY STATE

JOSEPH SOBRAN

George Will is more than a columnist; he is a presence. He alters the field of forces as no other pundit does, because he steps outside the rut of partisan debate to make serious affirmations of his own.

Anyone can quibble; Will can quibble hilariously, witheringly. But on his best days (they are frequent) he shows the larger gift of *knowing what needs to be said*, of summoning up a truth



whose absence others hadn't even felt. He supplies a missing piece that turns out to be a centerpiece: the reflection that might have occurred to one of his Victorian heroes—Newman, say, or Disraeli. "Carter's foreign policy reduces to the idea—simple and *a priori*—that we shall prevail because (or if) we are just. Reagan says, with Raymond Aron, that the tribunal of history is not a tribunal of justice. Rather, it tests a nation's capacity for action." We may not have realized that, but something down in us should have known. It took Will to say it, and to have said such a thing is the mark of an imagination nourished by learning. He is not a man to pluck his phrases from the font of journalistic cliché.

This is a splendid collection of columns, ranging from homosexual marriage and "surrogate mothers" to John Paul II and Solzhenitsyn. Pieces on abortion and reverse discrimination give Will a fair claim to be called the chief enemy of the Supreme Court as we know it. Alas, some of his most brilliant work from the Carter era is omitted, as is his tremendous column, written in angry tears, on a retarded lad whose parents want him to die. The name "Khomeini" is not even in the index.

He ought to write a real book, because he is bursting with a fascinating, but to my mind incomplete, social philosophy. Several of his recent columns have chided other conservatives (though not by name) for exalting pure freedom too much. He thinks they (or we) take too negative a view of government. "The truly conservative critique of contemporary American society," he advises, "is that there is too much freedom —for abortionists, pornographers, businessmen trading with the Soviet Union, young men exempt from conscription, to cite just four examples."

But surely the question is not how *much* freedom—a lot or a little—but, rather, a) what our guiding social norms should be, and b) where the authority of government fits in. Conservative rhetoric against "big government" is only shorthand for the sense that the government is doing not only too much governing but too much of the wrong kind.

He is right to hold that government shouldn't try to be "value-neutral." (It can't be, in any case.) It should be on the side of all good things: family, prosperity, Shakespeare. But by what means? That depends on its specific role, which is to seek certain goods, but not all. It should regard adultery as wrong without making it a crime, especially a federal offense.

Will says flatly that "government is about as small as it will ever be." But isn't this up to us? At times his drift seems to be that since we already have a big, intrusive government, it should intrude on behalf of the right things.

Well, if we *must* have sex education in public schools, let it encourage chastity, say I. I don't want my big government neutral as between purity and lechery. Still, I would rather it were so circumscribed as not to be seriously concerned in such matters.

BUT WHY should we be so fatalistic about the size of government? And can it get bigger still but not smaller? Is any additional growth also irreversible? Will leaves loose ends here.

I suspect that the wish is father to the thought. He wants government to promote the good, not just the rich, society; and he dislikes and fears the laissez-faire philosophy. If only he would admit the possibility of reducing government's sheer size, one could heartily agree that the reduction ought to proceed on the right principles.

Apparently his real preference is for big but conservative government. The best kind of big government, no doubt; but the discussion is only confused by assuming that the bigness is inevitable. We need more demonstration that it is actually desirable.

Will's vision is intelligent and respectable, but it leads him to some odd positions, like his recent praise of Franklin Roosevelt for promulgating "an ethic of common provision." Roosevelt's legacy has more to do with eroding than refining principle; and as for ethics, he still appears to me an opportunist and fomenter of envy. Every new revelation about him is less edifying than the last. Sometimes Will still seems to be trying to put daylight between him-

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self and other conservatives. I suppose adopting FDR as a hero will do it. But I wish he wouldn't. Now and then I have the odd feeling that he is thinking too strenuously.

Now and then, that is: not always, not usually. *The Pursuit of Virtue and Other Tory Notions* is full of rich, relaxed fun as well as rich reflection. One occasionally wants to argue with George Will, but even then one has the exhilaration of being in a far more interesting argument than commonly begins on the Op-Ed page. Laughing or scolding, he civilizes the day's events. □

Abuse of Trust: A Report on Ralph Nader's Network
By Dan M. Burt
Regnery/Gateway, 272 pp., $11.50

HIT AND MISS

RICHARD B. McKENZIE

The 1960s was a time when a belief in the power of the government to remedy market failures was easy to accept. John Kenneth Galbraith told us how a new industrial state had supplanted market forces. The proof was in the large share of the country's wealth and income controlled by the five hundred largest U.S. corporations. Vance Packard explained how those corporations were able to impose their will on unwary consumers: they made use of seductive "hidden persuaders." Leaning heavily on the work of Galbraith, Packard, and others, Ralph Nader convinced a large proportion of the population that each of us could make a difference, by joining his movement to reform the political and economic systems. We had not then tested the limits of the "great society."

While Galbraith provided the unquestioned theory, Ralph Nader gave the unquestioned leadership to a cadre of young, idealistic followers committed to ferreting out consumer abuses in the automobile, medical care, funeral, hot dog, and toy markets. The smorgasbord of consumer-protection and industry-regulation laws we have today is testimony to the power of Nader and his "raiders."

Nader's motives seemed genuine at the time. He was portrayed as a young man who was oppressed by his corporate enemies, who kept little of his own income and lived by himself in a modest Washington apartment, and who sought only to serve the "public interest" by promoting openness and accountability in business and government.

Since then, however, the image of government as the physician of our social ills has been seriously tarnished by the ineffective records of numerous government programs that Nader supported. Perhaps it is only fitting that the Nader organizations be scrutinized in the same style—a little truth embroidered with a lot of journalistic hype—that he and his organizations have employed.

Dan Burt and his associates at the Capital Legal Foundation in Washington, D.C. have, in *Abuse of Trust*, undertaken a broad-based attack on Nader and what is termed the "Nader network." The indictment is serious:

> Two common threads run through Mr. Nader's statements and the activities of his attendant organizations: "corporate responsibility" and "citizen power." . . . The Capital Legal Foundation's investigation into the Nader network revealed, however, that his groups do not live by the tenets of accountability which Mr. Nader advocates for corporations. Disclosure of information is closely guarded, laws and regulations concerning the operation of these groups have been disregarded, and the general public is frequently asked to participate in their "public interest" movement. The term "public interest," which has never been defined clearly, is often evoked to support causes and activities that are really of a "special interest" nature, such as greater regulation of businesses and the economy by government, and less free enterprise.

The particulars of the indictment span the spectrum of charges that Nader himself has leveled against others:

► The Nader network is neither small nor detached from the influence of Ralph Nader. More than fifty groups have connections to Nader and his family.
► The Nader network is not poor. Indeed, six of Nader's organizations received nearly $2 million in contributions in 1978, the latest year for which complete records were available.
► The Nader network has failed to use all of the funds received in the pursuit of the "public interest." It had, by 1978, piled up $3.4 million in unspent reserves, employing them, from time to time, to speculate in stocks whose values could have been affected by policy proposals from the Nader camp.
► The Nader groups are not extensively supported by "little people." Less than one-third of their incomes is received in the form of small contributions from the general public. The remainder comes from a handful of foundations and the network's assets.
► The Nader network has lobbied ex-

RANDOM NOTES

■ LAST JUNE TITLES: *Oil and Turmoil: America Faces OPEC and the Middle East* (Norton, $14.95), by Dankwart A. Rustow, is an interesting study of America's involvement in the Mideast oil countries since the gradual withdrawal of Britain from the area, and the United States' increasing dependency on the region's oil. Rustow is relatively sanguine about the United States' prospects for energy independence and the development of a political strategy in the Middle East that will serve our long-term interests.

Counterattack: The West's Battle against the Terrorists (Facts on File, $14.95), by Christopher Dobson and Ronald Payne, is the companion volume to the authors' previous book *The Terrorists*. It is a study of the measures taken by the Western democracies to combat terrorism. Dobson and Payne, foreign correspondents for the *London Daily Telegraph* and *Now* magazine, are much concerned by libertarian legislation which they consider has hogtied the CIA and the FBI.

Edoarda Masi, an Italian socialist journalist, doesn't at all like what she has seen happening in China since the rise of Deng and the end of the Gang of Four. In *China Winter: Workers, Mandarins, and the Purge of the Gang of Four* (Dutton, $19.95), translated by Adrienne Foulke, she describes the new China as a kind of bourgeois Restoration. This is real unreconstructed Maoism with a vengeance.

Dreams Die Hard: Three Men's Journey through the Sixties (St. Martin's/Marek, $14.95), by David Harris, is the story of the author's radical years, in which he kept company with Allard Lowenstein and Dennis Sweeney, the man who murdered Lowenstein. Harris's is not at all a flattering portrait of Lowenstein, whom he obviously considers to have been mildly monomaniacal and politically untrustworthy.

Georges Simenon's new novel is *The Widower* (Harcourt Brace, $9.95), translated by Robert Baldick. The usual spare, cutting prose applied to the story behind a poignant suicide. —CW

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tensively for particular pieces of legislation in violation of laws against lobbying by tax-exempt organizations.

► The Nader network remains unaccountable to the public through a wanton disregard of state laws requiring registration of fund-raising and lobbying activities and disclosure of finances. One Nader organization lost its charter in New York for failing to make annual reports on its activities. When pursued by the Capital Legal Foundation for more financial data, a Nader spokesman is reported to have said over the phone, "You should stick to your business and let us do ours."

THE RUNAROUND that Capital was given by the Nader groups in its search for more information led the authors to the conclusion that "the Nader network's uncooperative response to inquiries . . . is particularly reprehensible and incongruous given Mr. Nader's own repeated demands for openness, accountability, and public disclosure with respect to government and business. Any publicly owned company in the U.S. that refused to give similar information to the Securities and Exchange Commission, its shareholders, or the public at large would probably find its executives in jail and its stocks banned from trading. Such a company might also find itself being criticized by Mr. Nader or one of his network organizations."

With all of this, I thought that I was in for a rousing exposé of the Nader network. I did not find it. While the rhetoric is strong, the supporting evidence is weak. Though the text provides the annual income of the Nader organizations it offers no basis for measuring the affluence of staff members or of Nader himself. Two million dollars seems like a paltry sum to finance all of the activities attributed to the groups. Meanwhile, the accumulation of reserves of $3.4 million by 1978 may have made good business sense to the Nader movement. I wonder how other organizations, with different political leanings, have handled their funds.

I fear that the authors have fallen into two serious tactical traps. First, they have employed the methods of Nader to discredit Nader, leaving room for readers, especially those who remain committed to the Nader philosophy, to wonder who has been discredited. Second, they seem to be trying to discredit the collectivist movement of the 1960s by discrediting Nader. They do not offer a thoughtful attack on the ideas of Nader and his workers *per se*, and as a result the book conveys little of substance. Indeed, the authors appear to approve wholeheartedly of the government mandating accountability and disclosure standards to which business and charitable organizations must adhere—at least when they are talking about applying them to the Nader organizations. However, the rights of privacy, long advocated by defenders of a free-market economy, must be available to all, including the systems' adversaries, if they are to qualify as "rights."

The book does, however, provide good summaries of the principal organizations in the Nader network and offers some useful information on how reform organizations operate. It may shake the faith of those who believe that crusaders with the mantle of the public interest tied around their neck are any more public-spirited than those they seek to criticize and control. □

The Operas of Verdi
Vol. I: From Oberto *to* Rigoletto, *524 pp.*
Vol. II: From Il Trovatore *to* La Forza del Destino, *532 pp.*
Vol. III: From Don Carlos *to* Falstaff, *546 pp.*
By Julian Budden
Oxford, $39.95 per volume

EDIMBURGO MIO!

J. O. TATE

"Again [Carlo] returns to the tomb of Charlemagne, to apostrophize the dead Emperor in a piece well known to collectors of vintage gramophone records (*O sommo Carlo*)," says Julian Budden of the concerted finale of Act III of *Ernani*. Yes indeed. Giuseppe De Luca, with Tedesco and Anthony in 1930, wasn't bad. But Mattia Battistini, recorded considerably earlier with Colazza and Sillich, is a revelation of vocal glamor and declamatory power long lost. Clearly, if one is not listening to Verdi, one must be reading about him. If so, a second mortgage may be necessary to acquire *The Operas of Verdi*.

Julian Budden has, in completing his third volume on Verdi's operas, placed the capstone upon an imposing monument. Covering the four operas from the first version of *Don Carlos* (1867) to *Falstaff* (1893), this study, like its predecessors, insists upon offering a rich analysis of the specific musical and cultural context in which the aging, ageless composer exercised his art. So we not only get to follow in depth the complexities of the development, say, of *Don Carlos* in its various versions, but also learn in the essay "A Problem of Identity (Italian Opera 1870-90)" of the powerful ultramontane influences of Wagner, Meyerbeer, Gounod, Thomas, Bizet, and Massenet. The careers of Ponchielli, Gomes, and Catalani put the achievement of the old man in perspective: ". . . the seamlessness of both *Otello* and *Falstaff* results from the composer's miraculous ability to transform one idea almost insensibly into another." It was the old master who was "untrammeled by preconceptions" and "emancipated . . . from traditional formal training."

The story has been told before, though never with such specificity. Budden's achievement, I think, unites two streams of Verdi's still-developing reputation. First, *The Operas of Verdi* is a climax of the revival that began in Germany in the 1920s, led by Franz Werfel and Fritz Busch, and which has since spread around the Western world in the form of revivifying productions of such works as *Macbeth*, *Luisa Miller*, *Simon Boccanegra*, and *Don Carlos*. Second, this study synthesizes Verdian scholarship from many sources, including various Parisian archives, singers' rehearsal books, and the Atti dei Congressi Internazionali di Studi Verdiani, which have revolutionized Verdi research. Indeed, there has been since 1976 an American Institute for Verdi Studies at New York University. In the last year, it has been possible to hear (though not always to see) productions in New York of such rarities as *Il Corsaro*, *I Due Foscari*, *Attila*, and *I Lombardi*—not to mention *I Vespri Siciliani*.

Mr. Budden is not only willing to go to great length to make a point—he is also capable of making it. His plunges into obscurity are exhilarating. In his preface to the third volume, for example, he wishes to correct an earlier remark about the opera Verdi did *not* write when he wrote *Ernani*:

> In speculating about the provenance of *Allan Cameron*, alias *Cromwell*, the libretto

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which Verdi finally rejected in favor of *Ernani* and which was set by Pacini five years later, I remarked that, although the subject was credited to Walter Scott it bore no more relationship to *Woodstock* (Scott's only novel to deal with the Commonwealth period) than did Bellini's *I Puritani* to *Old Mortality*. I was wrong. *Allan Cameron* is indeed *Woodstock*, with the hero eliminated and the locale transferred to Scotland—both fairly common procedures in the adaptation of a Waverley novel to an Italian opera. With rare exceptions the central figure of a Scott canvas is usually too normal and well behaved for operatic treatment. Hence there is no Tressilian in Donizetti's *Elisabetta al Castello di Kenilworth*, no Jeanie Deans in Federico Ricci's *La Prigione di Edimburgo*, and no Everard in Pacini's *Allan Cameron*.

The hall-of-mirrors quality results from a total immersion in the politics, literature, and economics of nineteenth century Italian operatic creation and staging, as well as a deep knowledge of the broader European scene.

So in his first volume, Mr. Budden carefully places the composer in the context into which he was born: the world of the *primo ottocento*. The young Verdi grew up in a provincial environment dominated by the egoism of singers, the example of Rossini, mechanical "number opera" conventions, censorship, and so on. "Verdi's most remarkable achievement as an Italian opera composer was to reach a point at which he could say of his last opera, 'I have written it to please myself.' "

Throughout his survey, Mr. Budden dazzles with his throwaway references to a lost world that now seems nearly antediluvian: if *I Lombardi* opens with *banda* music, why so had Mercadante's *Il Giuramento*. A cabaletta from *I Due Foscari* seems to be developed from one in Donizetti's *Parisina d'Este*. ". . . Even the despised *Alzira* dropped a seed which was to bear fruit a generation later in *Il Guarany*, the *chef d'œuvre* of the Brazilian composer Carlos Gomes." Not only did Beethoven consider using Zacharias Werner's *Attila, König der Hunnen* (1808) before Verdi did, but one Malipiero set the same play to music for the same year (1846) and city (Venice) as Verdi—Malipiero's version being entitled *Ildegonda di Borgogna*. The soprano's Act II adagio in *I Masnadieri*, written for Jenny Lind, echoes "There is a flower that bloometh" from Wallace's *Maritana*. The "*abozzo*" or so-called *Rigoletto* sketch published in facsimile by Gatti in 1941 shows Gilda's confession *Tutte le feste* to be derived from the duet of Raoul and Valentine in Act IV of Meyerbeer's *Les Huguenots*; the brilliant *sfarzoso* cabaletta that follows had been anticipated in the *stretta* of Act I of Donizetti's *Fausta*. Budden knows that "It is usual, following Dannreuther, to trace [Azucena's] ancestry to Meyerbeer's Fidès (*Le Prophète*), the first of the great mother figures of romantic opera, and without doubt the ancestor of Ponchielli's La Cieca." But then he goes on to identify Giovanna (Madge Wildfire) in Ricci's *La Prigione di Edimburgo* as the true forerunner of Azucena.

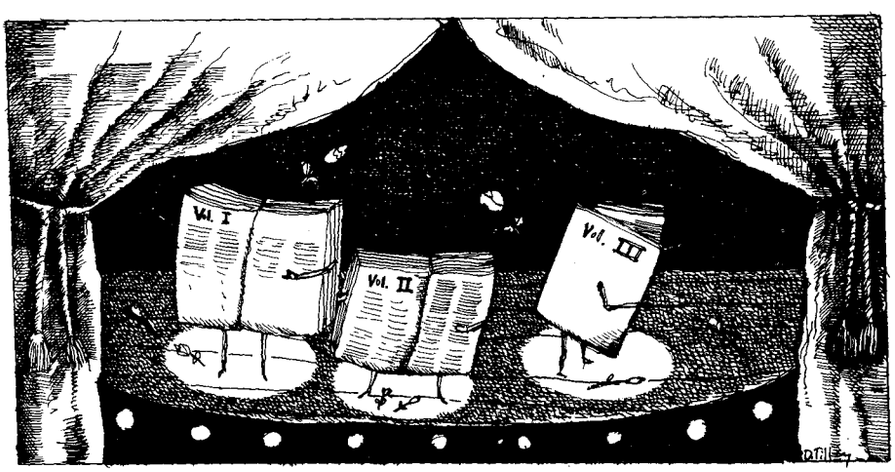
Budden's Verdi strives and thrives not in the usual vacuum created by the spotlight, but amid a gallery of also-rans: Vaccai, Petrella, Pedrotti, Cagnoni, Boïto, Lauro Rossi, Marchetti, Paccio, etc. All of these faced the hurdles Verdi surmounted. Interwoven in the story of Verdi's growth are illuminating points concerning the metrics of Italian verse as it inhibited operatic construction. By the middle of his long career, we see "the progress of the one composer who retained the capacity for self-renewal without the prop of a tradition —Verdi himself."

Mr. Budden's sophisticated discussion of *La dame aux camélias* shows his mastery of more than music; his deft handling of the revisions of *Macbeth* and *Simon Boccanegra* is the best I have seen. Nowhere is he more impressive than in his emphasis on Verdi's confrontation with Parisian grand opera, and his revisionist treatment of the pivotal *Vêpres Siciliennes*. Heroically and appropriately, Budden devotes over 150 dense pages to the most ambitious of Verdi's works, the darkly intimidating *Don Carlos*.

Even so, he does not entirely obliterate Charles Osborne's infectious treatment of the early operas. The repulsive image that has "Verdi, half vulture, half phoenix" drawing nourishment from the carcass of tradition needed the editor's pencil. And for all his cosmopolitan learning, Mr. Budden cannot keep himself from writing as an Englishman. A note toward the end of his discussion of *Rigoletto* tells us in a stage whisper that this was Vaughan Williams's favorite Verdi opera. Who cares? Verdi's early patriotic choruses are compared to—Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance" marches. Oh dear. Readers of that British periodical *The Gramophone* are familiar with the insular tic. Although Budden reiterates the truth that an opera cannot be judged by its libretto, he contradicts that wisdom in his somewhat misleading conclusions about *I Due Foscari* and *Attila*.

Such minor blemishes are all the more noticeable for their rarity, and for their presence in a formidable structure which not only is the greatest work ever penned about Verdi, but is also a masterly work about nineteenth century European culture. This scholarly analysis—which no Verdian would be without—is a worthy memorial to the great composer who stated, "I do not mean to blame the public, but I accept their criticisms and jeers only on condition that I do not have to be grateful for their applause." This was the same great man who could say, "As for the newspapers, does anybody force you to read them? . . . The day of justice will come, and it is a great pleasure for the artist, a supreme pleasure, to be able to say, 'Imbeciles, you were wrong!' "

We do *not* have here the clichés, the worn responses, provoked by an art whose popular appeal often over-



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whelms the reality of its creation. Verdi wrote without exaggeration in 1862, "In the heart of Africa or the Indies you will always hear *Trovatore*." Referring to multiple London productions, *Punch* put it differently:

Three Traviatas in different quarters,
Three Rigolettos murdering their daughters,
Three Trovatori beheading their brothers
By the artful contrivance of three gypsy mothers.

No amount of Wagnerite huff-puff or modernistic abstraction has been able to hold the line. No damages wreaked by hurdy-gurdies and pianolas—not even the Marx brothers—have quite been able to pervert permanently the international esteem accorded to the Shakespeare of music. □

FILM

UNDIVINE DIVA, NON-DELVING DEVIL

JOHN SIMON

In "An Essay on Fashionable Literature" (1818), Thomas Love Peacock observed: "The moral and political character of the age or nation may be read by an attentive observer even in its lightest literature, how remote soever *prima facie* from morals and politics." And how much more about the moral and political tenor of our time is revealed when an absurd, campy, laughable film such as *Diva*, by Jean-Jacques Beineix, wins numerous awards in France and is hailed in the U.S.A. by the enthusiastic nod of Pauline Kael, which activates the domino theory: from coast to coast, her critical acolytes fall over backward in admiration.

Diva concerns a messenger boy and opera buff, Jules, who covertly tapes a recital by his adored Cynthia Hawkins, a black American soprano, by means of a Nagra he has sneaked into the dilapidated theater in which she is appearing. Behind him sit two sharkish Taiwanese entrepreneurs who want that tape: by threatening her to distribute it illegally, they could coerce Miss Hawkins into signing a recording contract with them.

Let's stop right here. Miss Hawkins is backed up by an orchestra at her recital, which is unlikely; the hall in which she sings seems to be crumbling before our very eyes, which is unlikelier yet. And how does a poor messenger boy get to own a Nagra, a gadget so expensive that many a lesser radio station cannot afford one? And what about all the other goodies we see in Jules's digs later on? How does he smuggle this large object into the concert? And how come no one but the Taiwanese notices his taping —is this the fall of the house ushers?

Furthermore, has there ever been an opera diva averse to having her income supplemented and her voice extended into posterity by signing a recording contract? Not so, it seems, the purist Cynthia, whose perfectionism boggles at disks. Yet singers tend to sound better on recordings, just as Wilhelmenia Wiggins Fernandez sounds better as Cynthia in the film than she did as Musetta recently at the New York City Opera. And what about those crooks from Taiwan? If Jules could sneak in his Nagra, couldn't they have done likewise? Or

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couldn't they have gotten as good results by taping Miss Hawkins off the air? Couldn't they be turned over to the police for attempted blackmail? Could they actually market a pirated recording, especially from Taiwan? And couldn't they have stripped Jules of his tape right outside the concert hall, instead of having to pursue him with difficulty later?

YET THIS is only the beginning of the subplot of *Diva*; the main plot concerns another tape, which could blow the lid off a narcotics and vice ring headed by a top Paris police inspector. This tape is tossed into Jules's motorbike bag without his knowing it by a call-girl just before she is killed by the inspector's henchmen. So Jules will presently be chased by two very different batches of villains, but he will also be watched over by Gorodish, an eccentric millionaire, and Alba, his teenaged Vietnamese girlfriend. Gorodish lives in a sumptuous, modernistic loft, where he mostly works on a giant jigsaw puzzle when not rescuing Jules from sticky wickets; Alba roller-skates in the loft when not shoplifting pop records.

The plot, besides treating serious matters with offensive campiness, makes no sense at all, but allows Beineix to stage a variety of preposterous sequences such as the one in which two killers on foot chase Jules up and down the stairs and along the corridors of the Métro, without anyone's noticing or interfering—scenes "so ravishing," according to Pauline Kael, "that they're funny, intentionally." (Analyze that, if you will and can.) Even higher peaks of absurdity are extolled by her as "dreamy-disco fun in the detritus of tech commercialism"; "every shot," she says, "seems designed to delight the audience," which is to equate stinking to please the unwashed with artistic virtue. "The entire movie," Miss Kael raves on, "demonstrates the richness you can get only from movies," which is the kind of perspectiveless chauvinism that even today should not be allowed to pass for thought.

The characters, it seems, "charm us because they arrange their reality to suit their whims," which describes the vicious police inspector to perfection; "they're un-self-conscious about being self-conscious," which, if it is indeed feasible, must mean carrying chichi chic to the point of nausea. Sure enough, the 14-year-old Thuy An Luu, an ex-ice-cream-parlor waitress, who plays Alba, is praised for her "fundamental indifference" in front of a camera; as for Miss Fernandez, her "American-accented French and her amateurishness as an actress are ingratiating." Actually, the singer looks bovine, expresses little or nothing, and acts in a way for which "amateurish" is a term of unearned praise. But none of this fazes Miss Kael: "Beineix might be Carol Reed reborn with a Mohawk haircut"; the metempsychosis continues: he is also "Welles romanticized, gift-wrapped."

I AM SAD to be unable to affirm that István Szabó's *Mephisto* is very much better—not because it won the Oscar for best foreign film, not because it is freely derived from a novel by Thomas Mann's son, and not because some of Szabó's earlier films struck me as deserving. Rather, I deplore the missed chance in this film, based as it is (however loosely) on the life of the great German actor-director Gustav Gründgens, to provide insight into why and how artists collaborate with totalitarian regimes.

Szabó and his co-scenarist, Péter Dobai, trot out the usual reasons—egocentric self-absorption, indifference to other people's needs, dependence on one's own language and consequent handicaps abroad—without examining them very closely. They advert more to the protagonist's, Hendrik Höfgen's, lust for fame and power, and to his being entrusted by the Nazis with the management of the Berlin Staatstheater. But they do not answer the master question: Why would a man of Höfgen's virtues—which, though lesser than his vices, are not negligible—put up with the frustrations and humiliations, the severe limitations accompanying this power?

I haven't read Klaus Mann's *roman à clef*, but can, from what I know of it and Gründgens's life, deduce a relation between Gründgens-Höfgen's homosexuality and the fascist cult of the superman, which the film bypasses. Szabó has stated that so many such connections having already been made, he aimed instead for greater things, such as universality. But Höfgen is shown in a sadomasochist love relationship with Juliette, a half-German, half-black dancer (in the book, a depraved prostitute), whose entire persona, down to her style of dancing and leotards, is an anachronism. Through such improbable specifics, we do not reach the universal.

Szabó hints around about all kinds of unspecified kinkinesses, including suggestions of Höfgen's inversion, and even stronger ones about the lesbianism of both his wives. This vagueness swaths the film in a floating salaciousness that obstructs the shedding of light. And this Höfgen is merely a slapped-together *mélange* of bad, good, and bizarre traits that finally spell nothing. Moreover, Klaus Maria Brandauer, who plays him, overacts without much distinction, and, especially in the interpolated excerpts from Gründgens's stage roles, falls far short of the master as I remember him.

The film leaves us cold. None of the characters, victims or victimizers, elicits genuine compassion, fear, or involvement—with the exception of the Göring figure, played with subtle menace and considerable complexity by Rolf Hoppe. He at least conveys a network of not entirely simplistic thoughts and feelings under the glossy surface that is all we get from the others. And the film groans under an excess of second-rate dialogue—and monologue—often accompanied by extreme closeups of inert or, in the case of Brandauer, twitchy faces. The

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dubbing of the largely Hungarian cast into German is awkward, the costuming lackluster, and there are oodles of unattractive women not helped by poor hairstyling. Lajos Koltai's cinematography lacks definition, and *Mephisto* has been cut for American release by at least twenty minutes, which harms the continuity. A couple of good, strong scenes remain, but they only underscore the mediocrity of the rest. □

DELECTATIONS

TRAIN BLEU EN VERT

NIKA HAZELTON

Eating out in New York has become a serious problem. The places where one can get the sorts of food one cannot possibly prepare at home (and what better reason is there for eating out?) have become prohibitively expensive. Inexpensive food, outside of luncheonettes, is virtually inedible. And what's more, the craze for creating "interesting" surroundings—English pubs, flower gardens, the avant-garde look (meaning brick walls)—has made all too many restaurateurs feel that food and service are secondary, if not negligible. However, recently I have found a place that has pleased me and the people I've introduced to it, and I commend it to anyone who may be visiting New York this summer.

The restaurant is located in—of all places—Bloomingdale's, the trendy New York department store, which foreigners find so fascinating that the Queen of England chose to visit it on her last trip to New York. Bloomingdale's is a trip in itself, as any New Yorker knows, offering boutiques, supermodern lighting and arrangements, "diversified buying experiences" (as one Bloomingdale's buyer put it to me), and, every Saturday afternoon, a meeting point for the trendy singles who are still single at that hour.

The restaurant is called Le Train Bleu, and you reach it by wandering through Housewares (or, rather, trendy kitchen furnishings) on the store's sixth floor. As the restaurant is not part of the floor proper, but is built out on a kind of terrace looking east, you have to climb a flight of stairs to reach it.

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And then, through a small passage, you enter a long room that is a replica of an elegant restaurant car in a first-class train, Orient Express style. On either side of a passage that goes the whole length of the simulated railway restaurant car are the tables, as in a real restaurant car, the difference being that here there is more space for passage and seating. The decor is green, the windows wide, linens white and sparkling, and the glasses, china, and cutlery of a superior quality.

ALAN REYBURN, Vice President and Manager of Train Bleu and of all the Bloomingdale's restaurants, is tall, elegant, and eloquent, as well as very experienced. He has been, among other things, manager of Cunard Food Enterprises—that is, he was in charge of the menus on Cunard ships, including the Queens. "Train Bleu is basically a luncheon restaurant," he said, "and people don't like heavy food at lunch. Train Bleu serves lighter food that is also lighter-colored—chicken, fish, veal, vegetables, salads, little beef—in reasonable portions. I also think that the wine list should be in proportion to the food and the main course prices; besides, people don't like heavy wines at lunch either." There are five whites, two rosés, and three reds on the list, which gets changed three times per year, and always keeps in tune with the food. At various times, I drank an excellent Macon J. Drouhin for $16, a Seyval Blanc from the Hudson Valley for $9, and a Beaujolais Villages L. Jadot for $10. A cocktail costs $2.50, a glass of wine around $2.50, and French champagne $20 a bottle.

The food is good and imaginative. Many items can be ordered either as appetizers or as main courses. Beer-batter shrimp costs $4.25 as a first, $8.75 as a main, course; tortellini with boudin blanc and vegetables, respectively $3.50 and $7.50. A main dish of grilled fillet of flounder is $8.25, a filled omelet $6.95, a chicken cutlet romano $8.75, and, if you must have beef, a steak with peppercorns is $10.75 and beef and vegetables in aspic jelly $8.95. Desserts are around $2.50, and they are largely fruit desserts, including a heavenly poached orange with honey and whipped cream that I heartily recommend. And when there is a special promotion in the store, Train Bleu will add to the menu dishes typical of the country featured. When I spoke to Mr. Reyburn, he was just leaving to purchase *calamansi*, an odd and unusual citrus fruit from the Philippines.

Train Bleu also serves morning champagne brunches for around $7 and afternoon teas for around $5. The service is attentive and agreeable, and you don't have to come recommended to be well served. (This is one of the yardsticks by which I judge all restaurants in this world.) At lunchtime, you can easily find a table if you come in around 12, but if you wish to eat later, make a reservation by calling 212-223-5100.

By the way, here is Mr. Reyburn's explanation of why a restaurant called Train Bleu (after France's great north-south train) is furnished in green: train restaurants are always green nowadays, and the red plush I remember from the past is no longer. □

The GIMLET EYE

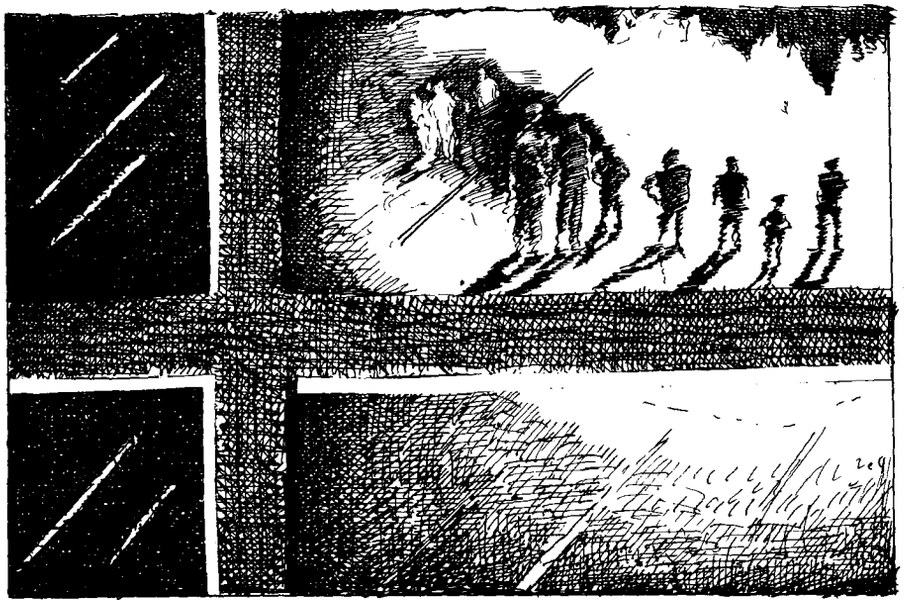
CEREMONIES OF FIRE

D. KEITH MANO

The house has been *accepted* by flame. Whole drapes of blaze blow out across one casement ledge. There is soft roar, an inflammatory statement, against our semi-rural night. And so much torrential white smoke that the long gable roof might seem under power, steaming, chugging someplace. Flame will run from window to window, nyah-nyah, surprise, like idiots on a junket. I'm taken in by such flamboyance: I'm a buff for it. The burning smells hospitable and, though giant-vicious, sweet. When a particularly subtle piece of 150-year-old wood has been caught, ingenious green or blue or violet flash is improvised on. Ten million sparks fizzgig up: you might think the air was carbonated by them. I saw this fire first from a mile away and thought it something neon: so do we congratulate nature with images of artifice.

One volunteer pumper was there already when I came. A second, a third soon after. Water, crowd-control strong, blammed against the upper wall and broke glass out. These hoses are unruly, viperish: three men together have trouble training them. An assault force went on the porch roof. One man started to axe hot attic shingle open: he'd have had better luck flensing a whale with blunt-nose scissors and his teeth. Yet, momentarily, I thought that the blaze would be stubbed out. I couldn't see burning: flame had suffocated in its own gas. Then a hose began to sag: another. Here, there, fire—quick as incendiary rumor—budded up again. They were out of water. You don't find hydrants in a meadow, after all. The flenser was fireman-carried down, overcome by smoke. We gave ground, gave lawn. This thing had inhaled: you could hear its arrogant breath. All at once the living room went on, bright and cordial and totally, eerily afire. Flame sat in furniture: it held conversation. A volunteer turned away. To grind his lit butt out underfoot.

These are not men who draw a priggish, European line through their sev-



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ens, 7, like so. They talk model number and performance. They've stood in a lot of rented bowling shoes. More than one hundred will arrive by midnight: five companies, three tank trucks, an ambulance. Most just gawk. They all have titles, it would seem: chief, asst. chief, fire co-ordinator. Children of 18 or 19 are in uniform, trying to fit their fathers' thick family face on as well. Hose has run out flat. Flares gutter in the gutter.

But mostly they rustle and strut, wearing waterproof, cumbersome authority. The fire is selfish: it hasn't learned how to share. Only ten or 15 can get near. So they light up and discuss their beautiful equipment and wait this Saturday-night special out. We hide, I think, something of the moth in us. Bonfire, barbecue, clambake, conflagration, immolation, pyre: burning has always reassociated men.

Rural women attend church. Their men more often attend a firehouse. The priest is careful to serve both sanctuaries. No village official could alienate his local engine co. and win another term. Far as I can tell the power of volunteer firemen in America has never been given a thorough documentation. Yet no human union asserts more influence on our non-urban life. I see repairman and lawyer, town clerk and farmhand—people who don't buy the same grade of Scotch or coffin—consociated in work. This is a fraternal order that will, for tonight at least, restring social lines: a male guild (women, yes, are auxiliary). And it features attractive male business: mechanical skill, siren noise, high-speed driving, parabelligerent dress-up, and the odd axe swung with full license at private property.

We might, then, be thankful for an occasional arsonist. The fire apparatus plays beneficially over neighborhood life: bingo, bazaar, charitable work, Little League, Boy Scout program, parade. Like it or not, brother, this is what's left of Lexington and Concord: the last significant nongovernmental public service. Imagine if our police, sanitation, town management could be conducted by voluntary combination. But they don't allure. Emergency alone has that peculiar social-democratic ambiance.

My father's fire pants hung inside our bedroom door. Whenever a siren croo-ooned, usually at three A.M., he would slug, swat daze and his blanket

Dark Horses

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

DEMOCRACIES are notoriously susceptible to panics, vague and specific, and nowadays caught by contagion through contact with television, publicity agents, and callow adolescents of all ages whose only comfortable identity is that of victim. The current panic in the U.S. is over the threat of nuclear war, which is supposedly much more imminent in 1982 than it was in 1980, 1979, 1973, 1969, 1965, 1962, 1959, 1950, and 1948.

The nuke scare (which comes around every so often: wasn't the last major one in 1962?) started in Europe, specifically among our allies, the West Germans, whose leaders have succumbed to the popular hysteria. Within the past couple of months, moreover, and aided by Jonathan Schell and the fine hand of Georgi Arbatov and his propaganda and disinformation agents, the anti-nuclear movement has ground-zeroed in the most densely populated areas of American public opinion.

It is of course a ridiculous spectacle: mass rallies of people wearing skeleton costumes like children on Halloween; overpaid authors warning on talk shows about the extinction of the human race; Ann Landers stealing nearly an entire column from lunatic fat women trying to decide whether to be buried with their diamond chokers on to lobby for disarmament; political cartoonists rising early every morning to draw mushroom clouds . . .

Meanwhile a very interesting, informative, modestly unraucous little book is addressing itself to less glamorous but crucial problems of modern warfare and the national defense. It is *Military Service in the United States* (Prentice-Hall, $14.95; paperback, $7.95), edited by General Brent Scowcroft, formerly Assistant for National Security Affairs to President Ford. Scowcroft was retained by the American Assembly at Columbia University to be director and editor of a project on military service in the U.S.; the papers he commissioned are printed in this interesting volume. They address the most basic issues of national defense and are better reading than twenty books by Jonathan Schell serialized in *The New Yorker*.

In his introduction General Scowcroft remarks that proponents and opponents of the draft "tend to argue in support of some more or less idealized version of whichever position they are advocating and to become very specific in criticizing the faults of the system to which they are opposed. It is in an attempt to bring dispassionate analysis to this important subject and to provide factual background for informed discussion that this volume has been prepared."

INDEED the articles are quite dispassionate, but, as editor, Scowcroft has gently obtruded in favor of the abandonment of the all-volunteer military force (AVF). The last two pieces are "advocate presentations," strongly written and siloed in concrete, calling for a return to military conscription: "Military Manpower Procurement Policy in the 1980s," by Richard V. L. Cooper, and "The Case for Conscription," by James L. Lacey. The lead essay, by William Kaufmann ("U.S. Defense Needs in the 1980s"), concludes that current strategy, assuming that the U.S. must be prepared to deal with "one and a half" military contingencies, is probably insufficient—an opinion apparently shared by the Reagan Administration. Kaufmann suggests using reserve and National Guard forces to reinforce the AVF—an idea that another contributor claims has been proven unfeasible.

Though the volume tilts toward conscription, Scowcroft does remind us that the debate over conscription is old as the Republic, and, in philosophical terms at least, probably unresolvable. There is also a case to be made that poor military performance has been, in Scowcroft's words, "equated with AVF rather than reduction in readiness and training and the assumption that AVF was satisfactory because it met manpower needs at a time of decreasing force size and increasing manpower pool size. . . ." □

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off. I was afraid then of My Father the Wild Minuteman. But, even in a quest for fire, pants debagging, he had time to twirl his mustache left and right, just so. And I would lie, ear-awake at least, while car after car honked, skidded to the engine house. If it was a weekend night, half our fire ensemble might be semi-slept-off drunk and rather more dangerous than danger. Most often their adventures disappointed me: a raccoon in some attic, garbage afire, hardly room for three dozen men to be officious at. But, now and again, the burnt offering was serious. I recall that my father came home one dawn, arm-torn and battered: he had fallen, hand pump and all, into an eight-foot ditch at two A.M. while fighting three terrific brush fires. Our summer home was on the Schunnemunk Range, which, in 1920 or so, burned to 1,600 feet of bald black rubble. Through any dry August night you could hear underbrush reach its flashpoint and hover just below.

The roof peak is back-broken now. Blaze windmills around inside. A wall has folded down. Two massive tank trucks are here, but the fire can guzzle water by this time. Even at half a block heat will clench my face: cheek skin has tightened. The house is half nude and garish: a Victorian whore stripped to her stays and harness. I step back. Then, of its own incredible heat, the fire has called up a devil cyclone. Yellow, slim flame will jig, tornado-shape, in one beautiful, pentecostal, hundred-foot-high streamer—arabesque, salute: gorgeous affront to us all. My son has touched me. "Look," he says. □

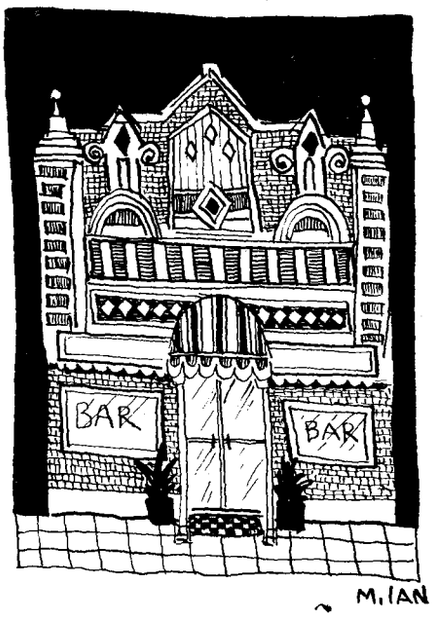
BOOKS IN BRIEF

BRITTEN AND AUDEN IN THE THIRTIES: *The Year 1936, by Donald Mitchell (University of Washington Press, 176 pp., $15).* Four years ago, Donald Mitchell took time out from work on his authorized biography of Benjamin Britten to put together *Benjamin Britten: Pictures from a Life*, a sumptuous and carefully researched collection of documents, photographs, and other primary-source material, with a connecting text detailed enough to serve as a quasi-biography. Now Mitchell—a notoriously slow worker, alas—has published what amounts to a second "interim report" on the life of his subject, who is increasingly coming to be regarded as among the most important composers of this century. Mitchell's new book, *Britten and Auden in the Thirties*, a revised and expanded version of his 1979 T. S. Eliot Memorial Lectures, is an illuminating study of the Britten-Auden partnership which concentrates on the events of 1936. Making extensive use of Britten's unpublished diaries, Mitchell has drawn an extremely detailed and perceptive picture of the difficult collaboration between Britten, a shy and inhibited prodigy of leftish disposition, and the already-celebrated Auden, who quickly managed to antagonize his musical partner with incessant displays of extreme dogmatism, condescendingly paternal role-playing, and "ostentatious, donnish . . . verbal dexterity and mental adroitness." (That the collaboration worked at all, one gathers, is a wonder; that it resulted in an operetta, two song cycles, an assortment of miscellaneous smaller works, and numerous films, radio features, and plays with elaborate incidental music would seem to have been something of a minor miracle.) Apart from Michael Kennedy's Britten volume in the Master Musicians series, not yet available on this side of the Atlantic, *Britten and Auden in the Thirties*, despite its limited scope, must be counted the single most penetrating biographical study of Britten to date. One cavil: these lectures date from 1979, just before the unofficial ban on public discussion of Britten's homosexuality finally fell by the wayside, and Mitchell's (understandable) lack of candor on the subject is therefore a minor irritation. Rumor has it that, on his deathbed, Britten instructed Mitchell to "tell all" in the authorized biography, a book which interested parties are awaiting with a mounting impatience that the present work, however excellent, can only serve to exacerbate.

TERRY TEACHOUT

THE QUEST FOR WILHELM REICH: *A Critical Biography, by Colin Wilson (Anchor Press/Doubleday, 272 pp., $12.95).* The psychiatrist Wilhelm Reich spent the better part of his life spreading ideas that enraged his colleagues and the public. He died in 1957 while serving a jail term for transporting "orgone accelerators" across state lines. The accelerator, to all appearances an oversized packing crate, supposedly increased the human body's supply of orgone, Reich's word for the substance, or quality, other people have called vitality, or spirit, or soul. The device consisted of alternating layers of wood and metal. Wilson reports the contraption actually improved the condition of certain cancer patients, a fact not disputed by the FDA, the agency responsible for Reich's arrest. What incensed the bureaucrats was his attitude. He first ignored them, then openly abused them, saying they ought to keep their noses out of his intellectual business. When summonses arrived, he refused to appear in court. Finally, the police hauled him off in handcuffs. He was convicted of misleading the sick—the accelerator didn't work for everybody. It was an unjust verdict, as Wilson points out, though weakly, for he feels Reich brought it upon himself. He is more comfortable defending the blustery psychiatrist's plunge into the occult. In his last years Reich became convinced UFOs were roaming the heavens raining "emotional plague" upon mankind. He lost no time in devising a weapon to combat them. As with the accelerator, simplicity was his byword. The "space gun" was a bank of hollow metal tubes. It got rid of UFOs, though, if Reich's devotees can be trusted, and Wilson seems to feel they can. Wilson, in fact, suspects Reich might have been onto something. People were too busy reviling him during his lifetime to take the trouble to examine his claims seriously. Orgone energy just might permeate the atmosphere, Wilson suggests with a great deal of qualification. He realizes—and the book is better for it—that the allure of "just might" stops at the slightest hint of belief.

PAUL T. HORNAK



POOR RUSSELL'S ALMANAC, *by Russell Baker (Congdon & Lattes, 252 pp., $12).* This, writes *New York Times* columnist Baker, is "a new, retooled, retrofitted, and otherwise gussied-up edition of the class," which appeared some years ago. This is a neat way to showcase some new aphorisms, some collected "Observer" columns, and some musings on the seasons. It comes on the heels of the at best bittersweet *So This Is Depravity* collection, and shows just how funny the author can be. Baker recounts tales of the manic modern world, and he writes of maniacs raising the ante. For example, after an appropriate note on Columbus Day, he writes of seeing Columbus "on the Carson show one night. Or maybe it was the Griffin show, or possibly the Douglas or Cavett show. All these shows eventually produce

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very interesting guests if you watch them long enough, but oddly enough no one interesting ever appears until everybody else in the house has gone to bed." There is also a salute to the end of gardening season, "the annual ceasefire." Again: "What is so sweet as the first night of winter?" Only a hopeless romantic would believe that such an opening line could introduce other than a disaster in Baker's world. To celebrate the Wright Brothers' first flight, he describes a modern traveler's madcap flight on a crowded jet. It is only natural to have a father rave about "the good old summertime" on a night in June. At the end of August, Baker tells the tale of Sweeney, just returned from a political convention and still deliriously bellowing seconding speeches and destroying half the house in impromptu floor demonstrations. For Labor Day, he wonders what today's child thinks his father does, and concludes that his occupation is "something that has to do with making junk, I think. Same as everybody else." In September, for the benefit of the helpful parent who finds himself staying up later and later as the school year progresses, Baker lists the various peculiarities of the "folks in Algebraland." There is more than a touch of good sense in this collection. As Richard Porson, the eighteenth century English classical scholar, once wrote, "Wit is the best sense in the world."

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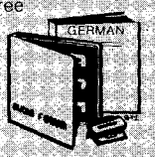

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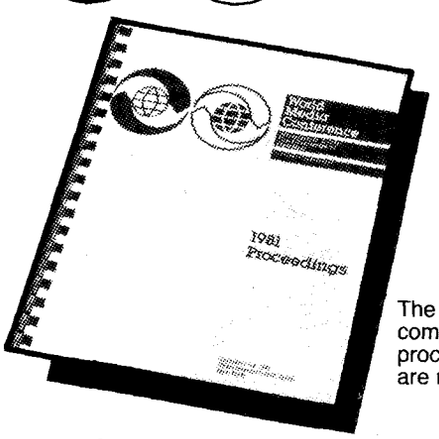

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

ROBERT H. MICHEL:

A Nuclear Freeze

A nuclear freeze proposal based on hysteria, cowardice, fear, pacifist dogma, misguided enthusiasm, or geopolitical ignorance is unacceptable. I see signs of unreality and dangerous hysteria and fear among some of the advocates of a freeze, and that road can only lead to war.

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Arabian Nightmare

JOHN P. ROCHE

Boston—On May 26 the *New York Times* ran an article by Bernard Gwertzman—the reporter who covers "senior State Department figures"—which read: "Reagan Administration officials said today that Iran's rout of Iraqi forces threatened the stability of Persian Gulf states and was creating a situation potentially more dangerous to Western interests than the unresolved Arab-Israeli conflict.

As my blood pressure rose and my pulse quickened, I held this to the mirror. Try it: substitute "Iraq's rout of Iranian forces threatened . . ." for the existing formulation, and it makes just as much sense. When that happens, it is time for all concerned with high policy to take a vacation. Or revert to seventeenth century Realpolitik and adopt Senator Harry Truman's 1941 attitude vis-à-vis the Nazi-Soviet war: we should help whoever is losing until they get on top and then shift partners.

The problem with policymaking in this neck of the woods is it resembles three-dimensional chess: there is Israel versus the Arabs, the Shia Muslims versus the Sunnis, and the Iraqis versus the Iranians. Israel, for example, is providing Iran—despite Ayatollah Khomeini's savage anti-semitic tirades—with military equipment because it wants Iraq bashed.

THE SYRIANS, too, back Khomeini, while losing MiG fighters to the Israelis, because the Alawite minority that runs the country is Shia and they also want to attend the Iraqi funeral. On the other hand, our buddy King Hussein of Jordan made an offer personally to fight for Iraq and has been an expediter of military equipment to Iraq from the Red Sea.

The Jordanian monarch's motives are complex, but nobody should doubt his survival instincts. He is afraid the Syrians will help the pro-Iran Palestine Liberation Organization bring majority rule to his country—the authentic Palestinian state—and he is delighted to be bankrolled by the Saudis and the Arab oil states on the Persian Gulf, who are terrified of a militant Iran. Moreover, a majority of Iraq's people are Shia Muslims, so as a Sunni he has a vested interest in the fate of Iraq's Sunni dictatorship.

To make life more interesting, the Shia Muslims are split between ethnic Arabs and Persians, who consider themselves the original Aryans—Iran means Aryan. And wandering around the edges are Kurdish and Baluchi independence movements. And, of course, poor Lebanon and the Israeli porcupine. Under President Mubarak, the Egyptians are playing a closed hand, but it is common knowledge the Egyptian army is in such a state of disrepair it would probably lose a war to Monaco.

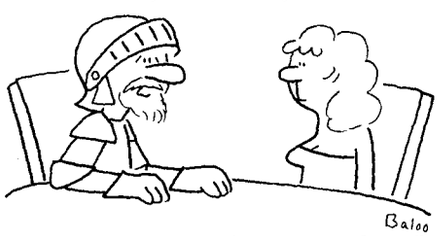
If you are still with me, you are probably wondering why I don't go off to watch the Red Sox instead of keeping up with this kaleidoscopic lunacy. It's not a bad question, but my concern is not with who is sleeping with whom this week in the Middle East, but the American compulsion to move fast.

The logic is patent: the Soviet Union has left its dear ally Iraq pegged on an anthill and made friends with the Iranians. Therefore we should mount a rescue operation for one of the most vicious regimes in the region. Has it occurred to anyone that maybe the Soviets know something we don't? Perhaps they figure on the basis of their own experience (and they have paid for an education) that with Iraq as an ally there is nowhere to go but down?

The real focus of our strategic concern should not be the Middle East proper—the Israelis can handle matters there if worse comes to worst—but the Saudis and the Gulf states, Kuwait, Qatar, and the most significant of the old "trucial" emirates, Oman, at the Hormuz Strait. My skepticism about the efficacy of the Rapid Deployment Force is hardly a state secret: I want bases with pre-positioned heavy equipment, not paras descending from the sky with the equivalent of BB-guns.

Last time around, the Saudis were playing professional Arabs, but the knowledge that, to paraphrase Dr. Johnson, Ayatollah Khomeini and his Salvation Army may descend upon King Khalid and other "imps of Satan" may wonderfully concentrate the Saudi mind. Our commitment, "the Carter Doctrine," is to keep the oil flowing. Not from Iraq, whose pipelines to the Mediterranean have now been closed by Syria, but from the Gulf.

Let us then position ourselves to protect the Gulf from any Iranian ventures, and let the locals and the Iran-Syria axis slug it out. This has the further advantage of not creating any additional barriers to reconciliation with a post-Khomeini Iranian government: a top long-range priority. □



"Sancho Panza doesn't understand me."

WHAT 'LATIN AMERICA'?

Boston—This week the Deep Thinkers are concentrating on the woes we have created for ourselves in Latin America by supporting Britain against Argentina in the Falklands war [see also "From Washington Straight"]. Scenarios cover every point on the spectrum from a Latin American boycott on American goods, to an upsurge of catalyzed anti-Americanism that will have the Latinos leaping into Moscow's lap. The "Good Old Days" of Good Neighborhood are gone forever.

Let's take a hard look at this masterpiece of contrived homogeneity. First, what about the assumption of cultural unity? It is easy to forget that Brazil, the largest nation in the area, is Portuguese in background. You can say, "Portuguese? Spanish? So what? They all come from the same place." Don't say it in a bar in either Peru or Brazil.

The cultural differences, beautifully described by the Brazilian writer Gilberto Freyre in his masterpiece, *The Masters and the Slaves*, are enormous: Freyre suggests you compare architecture, particularly cathedrals, as a point of departure. If you use Brazil as your cultural starting point, you can turn southwest and find the "cone": Argentina, Uruguay, and Chile.

Known elsewhere in the Hemisphere as "*los blancos*" (the whites), the inhabitants of these three states have only residual ties with Spanish civilization. Indeed, the Argentine majority is of Italian extraction, and both Argentina and Chile produce excellent Rhine wines—the contribution of a large German migration. Until World War II "the Argentine," as they called it, was virtually a British economic satellite, and there are still over fifty thousand Brit-

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ish there as permanent residents. Uruguay is a footnote to Argentina.

If you look northwest from your Brazilian sanctuary, you see the *altiplano*, the Andean highlands towering over the vast Amazonian rain forest. There are the Bolivians, Peruvians, and Ecuadorians, a cultural hodge-podge if there ever was one. I was at a conference in Costa Rica in 1961, composed of youth leaders from democratic movements in the area, and there were two utterly unintelligible members. I thought it was my Spanish, which is slow, but someone said "*¡Oh, los Tibetanos!*"—"the Tibetans": Bolivians!

There are a number of private fights I have skipped: Argentina and Chile over the Beagle Islands (read: fishing boundary) in the Strait of Magellan; Brazilian boundary disputes; and, most memorable in the minds of the participants, Chile's victory over Peru and Bolivia in the Saltpeter War of 1884, which left Bolivia landlocked.

Paraguayans also love their neighbors: between 1865 and 1870, the insane dictator López took the country to war with Argentina, Uruguay, and Brazil. Paraguay lost about half its territory, and 70 per cent of its population died. Venezuela has been vigorously supporting Argentina in the Falklands dispute because it claims roughly two-thirds of Guyana, formerly British.

So far, we have been dealing with cultures that are essentially Mediterranean, if not Iberian, but when you get to the Andean highlands, the Indians enter the picture. In Peru the descendants of the Incas are a substantial bloc, and Bolivia must have an Indian majority. The problem in Bolivia is that it has averaged more than one government a year since independence, so census-taking has not been high on the agenda. Colombia, Ecuador, Venezuela, and Paraguay, like Peru, have Hispanic or Indian majorities depending on how you define your ethnic categories.

If by now you are becoming skeptical of that entity known as "Latin America," hang on: the best is yet to come. A few months ago I met a diplomat from the "Latin American" nation of Surinam, formerly Dutch Guyana, whose ancestors hailed from Bombay!

ONCE UPON a time the British, Dutch, and French grabbed chunks of the northeast corner of South America. It was one of those historical accidents: the Dutch in the sixteenth century began a long brawl with the Portuguese for such distant spots as Angola, Ceylon, Singapore, and, most importantly, Brazil. So they grabbed a bridgehead in Guyana to back up their Brazilian forays. The British wanted to keep an eye on the Dutch, so they grabbed a piece too, and the French joined the game to watch all hands.

When you have colonies you have to do something with them, so sugar became the basis of the economies. The locals, mostly Indians and blacks who had escaped from slavery in Brazil, took a dim view of chopping cane, so East Indians were imported as contract laborers. Their children and grandchildren followed the biblical injunction to multiply and are now the probable majority in all three former Guyanas, certainly in two. Which brings me to the finale: which "Latin America" do we worry about tonight? □

CANADA'S FUTURE

Boston—"It's ironic," a Canadian friend observed. "When Queen Elizabeth came over and gave us our constitution, everyone cheered. Now they wish she would come take it back." The background music here was that until this year, although Canada is a free and sovereign state, its constitution was the British North America Act of 1867 as amended. And every time the Canadians wanted an amendment, the British Parliament had to pass a bill. Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau thought that "patriating" the constitution and adding a bill of rights would guarantee his place in history. He was also suspected by the provinces (states) of wanting to increase the power of the central government, which by comparison with the American balance between Washington and the states is minimal.

To make a complex story short, Trudeau got the constitution patriated complete with a bill of rights. But to do so he had to agree to permit the individual provinces to nullify objectionable provisions. It would warm the heart of the late John C. Calhoun: a provincial legislature can simply enact a measure providing that Articles One, Four, Seven, and Nine have no legal force in its jurisdiction.

Central to this whole legalistic shambles is the status of Quebec. Economically, Quebec is Canada's biggest welfare operation, a seemingly bottomless pit into which the other provinces pour their subsidies. If the Quebeckers at least said thanks, the atmosphere might improve. Instead, they put "JE ME SOUVIENS" (I remember) on their license plates and forbid the use of English in public education.

On top of the traditional poverty of the Quebeckers there is this ethnic dimension (about 80 per cent of the population is of French extraction) and, just to make it more interesting, the religious issue also lurks in the provinces; outside of Quebec and New Brunswick, Canada is overwhelmingly Protestant.

The province is ruled by René Lévesque's Parti Québecois, a thoroughly schizophrenic outfit: the extremists want outright independence; Lévesque and his faction want all the benefits of independence; but want to stay in Canada so there will be somebody around to pay the bill.

A small thing, but symbolic: in Quebec the octagonal red "STOP" signs have been bilingual: "STOP—ARRET." Now they are eliminating "STOP," which, if memory serves, appears even on signs in France. No store can have its sign in English: it must be in French with an English footnote permissible. However, these are trivial by comparison with education: the language of instruction is to be French. No bilingual education except as an add-on, privately subsidized.

Beyond this, the Quebeckers have been increasingly aggressive toward their neighbors. Newfoundland, for example, has a deal with New York State to ship electricity from the huge hydroelectric installation in Labrador, Churchill Falls. The power lines would run across Quebec, which refused to authorize them. The Newfies went to Canada's Supreme Court, got an order telling Quebec to drop it, and were told in only slightly Aesopian fashion that if the lines went in, pylons would drop. In fact, the Quebeckers suggested, Labrador really belonged to them!

WHICH brings us back to my friend's ruminations, based on almost half a century of political and academic life in Canada. "I'm exaggerating a bit," he said, "but it is tempting to say that Canada today consists of the province of Ontario. The Quebeckers have named the game, and now the other provinces have decided to play.

"The Maritimes [Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick] have natural ties with your New England; the rich western provinces [British Columbia, Alberta, Manitoba, Saskatchewan] are an extension of your Northwest; so Ontario and Quebec are left to fight it out.

"Trudeau," he continued, "is in a terrible jam. The other day some wit suggested the only way to obtain national unity was declare war on the United States. If you look at his basic strength, it is in Quebec where his Liberal Party won 75 out of 76 seats in the confederal Parliament. The Liberals didn't win a riding [seat] west of Ontario. If Lévesque's crowd, who run the Quebec provincial government, can bust the Liberals at the national level, there will be a big vacuum in the middle of Canada."

As I sat and meditated sadly on how little we Americans knew about what went on next door, he threw in a cheering note. A number of his friends in Quebec and Montreal have been buying "safe houses" in the U.S., but a while back three families in British Columbia decided Canada was in for the big bang. They did careful research on the safest place to escape war and moved—to the Falklands! □

(King Features Syndicate)

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

About the Prayer Amendment

On The Right

New York, June 4—If you have problems understanding the opposition to the Prayer Amendment, we do not. The arguments are hard to follow as a strand of cotton candy.

Take, for instance, Mr. Albert Shanker, president of the United Federation of Teachers of the City of New York. In a recent column he embraced most of the common arguments against the proposed amendment.

—To begin with, Mr. Shanker says, he smells in the whole enterprise a desire by President Reagan to "overturn" a Supreme Court decision over twenty years old. Well, I too smell such a determination. But to smell such a determination is not necessarily to smell offal. The smell could be of frankincense and myrrh. Suppose that Mr. Shanker had altered his rhetoric to say instead: "President Reagan wishes to *liberate* the American people from a Supreme Court decision twenty years old." Since Shanker is capable of stemwinding himself up real good, he might have gone on to say, ". . . even as Abraham Lincoln liberated the country from a Supreme Court decision twenty years old that legitimized slavery."

—But he forgot the question whether a President properly urges on a constitutional amendment which, after all, the overwhelming majority of the people's representatives, federal and local, would need to ratify. It is now always mysteriously suggested that the Court's decision met instant approval back in 1962. "Some people, of course, didn't like that decision," writes Shanker. That's a little like saying, "Some people didn't like Pearl Harbor." A few weeks after the Court's decision, 49 state governors publicly protested the decision, calling for a constitutional amendment. The holdout was Nelson Rockefeller, and he was probably afraid of Albert Shanker.

—We are told that the kinds of prayers that could be formulated for general acceptance—for instance, the prayers ministers, priests, and rabbis had jointly approved for New York City and which brought on the Court's interdiction—are meaninglessly vague. Then we are told that little children don't understand vague prayers. Then we are told that little children would be humiliated if they opted out of joint prayers, notwithstanding that the amendment explicitly gives them that right.

To begin with, the acknowledgment of the Lord is neither blasphemous nor sectarian when done in general language, and anyone who doubts that has not attended a civic or testimonial dinner in twenty years (a singular evidence of the miraculous power of the Lord). An acknowledgment of God is made in our public coinage, in the oath of allegiance, and extensively before meetings of Congress, though you could never tell from the results. Will Herberg, the late distinguished Jewish theologian and sociologist, made it the gravamen of his criticism of the Court's antiprayer decision that it had the simple potential of disturbing the philosophical perspective of the student. A mere mention of God, in the official curriculum, introduces a dimension to learning arguably the most important of all. The scientists insist that the point should be stressed that we are all—snakes, woodpeckers, and human beings—animals. They have a (limited) point. Someone should be permitted to suggest, if the parents believe that he should, that we are all of us—Protestant, Catholic, Jew, atheist, genius, idiot—made in the image of God. The tickling of that sensibility by common prayer is thought important by—the majority of the American people.

SHANKER cites with great reverence the testimony of one Richard Cohen who says that the school-prayer decision is "about understanding and respecting the rights and sensitivities of minorities." The only way to acquire any rights these days is to *become a minority*. So why shouldn't believing Jews, Protestants, Catholics, and Zoroastrians declare themselves minorities (which they are) and demand the right of common prayer? A respect for the rights of minorities begins with a respect for the rights of majorities.

—And, finally, there are the highbrows. Shanker quotes Edwin Yoder, who traps himself into saying that if the amendment passes, the Courts will forever be asked to judge whether a given prayer is too sectarian. I suggest one way to persuade the courts to interest themselves less in particularities is to rebuke the Court, as Reagan proposes that people now do. Hear, hear. The proposed Prayer Amendment reads: "Nothing in this Constitution shall be construed to prohibit individual or group prayer in public schools or other public institutions. No person shall be required by the United States or by any state to participate in prayer." If my brother Ed Yoder can look me in the eyes and tell me he thinks the people who wrote the Constitution would have objected to this amendment, on grounds other than redundancy, why: I will stop everything I do for forty days, and pray for him. □

ON PRESIDENTIAL DECORUM

New Orleans, June 1—In the late Fifties, when Nikita Khrushchev came for the first time as a guest of President Eisenhower, and later to the UN, ambivalence about his White House invitation was widespread. The AFL-CIO, for instance, denounced the proffered hospitality as an affront to the working man, enslaved under Communism. Late in 1956, in reaction to the suppression of the Hungarian freedom fighters, NATIONAL REVIEW had circulated a document called "The Hungary Pledge," signatories of which were bound to suspend any social, economic, or cultural dealings with the Soviet Union until freedom was granted. This called for a moral boycott attracting signers of varying political faiths. A subsequent invitation to Khrushchev was of course viewed as in direct violation of that pledge—to be sure, one which President Eisenhower had not subscribed to.

The nation was tense the morning Khrushchev, aboard the *Baltika*, on which he had set sail from Leningrad, was due to arrive in the East River. James Burnham, the philosopher and strategist and a man of infinite verbal refinement, came up with an idea at a meeting of a small group gathered together to file a dissenting, if not mutinous, public point. Why not hire a skywriting airplane to begin a flight in Boston and travel all the way to Washington, only instead of emitting huge "Drink Coca-Cola" messages, the plane would write, in leaden lettering in the skies, as if God's fugleman, "KHRUSHCHEV IS A LIAR." When society threatens to become lost in convolution, there is no substitute for a simple declarative Anglo-Saxon sentence.

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In the strategic session at which this proposal was born, I came through with the idea of using dye-marker. This is a chemical concentrate used by yachtsmen and stored as an appendage of life-preservers. If a man goes overboard wearing the life-preserver, he detaches the little dye-marker pouch which then begins to bleed, and in subsequent minutes or hours, the boat or airplane looking for you has merely to follow the trail of blood. Why not, the current in the East River being fair, sneak out and drop a hundred or so dye-markers overboard from the 59th Street Bridge? Khrushchev would then be seen on the *Baltika* sailing up a river of blood. I have never before or since been more creatively imaginative.

It was not to be. The airplane company, having first agreed, got cold feet and began worrying about what CAB would think. And Providence gave Khrushchev shelter from the river of blood in the form of one of the heaviest rain showers in New York history, submerging and vitiating the little chemical bags. Khrushchev came in, was speeded up Park Avenue north on a southbound lane, and only a refusal to take him to Disneyland marred his trip. Ike probably studied in front of the mirror the expression he would wear on greeting K. There was no trace of Ike-grin; on the other hand, a certain diplomatic affability was discernible. Yes, diplomacy triumphed. Followed by Khrushchev's cancellation of the summit in 1960, his erection of the Berlin Wall in 1961, his sending of nuclear missiles to Cuba in 1962: and, twenty years and a dozen summit meetings later, Khrushchev's successor Brezhnev presiding over the largest and deadliest military arsenal in the world, having, since the first summit, crushed Czechoslovakia, South Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, Jane Fonda, Afghanistan, and Poland. That is, if not the fruit of the good-guy approach, at least what has happened after twenty years of good-guying the Soviet Union.

So now the news stories are that Ronald Reagan has finally grown up in office. When he first became President, he was full of moralistic beans, as when he said about the Soviet Union that "lying and cheating" was its way. All kinds of anonymous diplomats are being quoted, from European capitals, and from diplomatic bunkers in Washington, to the effect that President Reagan will now go to Versailles thoroughly sanitized from all those vulgarities to which he was once given.

One has the feeling that diplomacy would collapse if President Reagan, at Versailles, were to announce that we were proceeding to put Poland in default, that we would file with the Security Council of the United Nations charges against the Soviet Union for having violated the Biological Weapons Convention in Afghanistan and Laos, that we would resume strategic disarmament talks only after Brezhnev stopped lying and cheating about SALTs I and II, that President Reagan could always be reached at the White House where he would seriously welcome any serious efforts by the Soviet Union to engage in international cooperation.

Why is it that only Khrushchev can take off his shoe and pound the table for attention? We don't need to strip to command attention; merely to tell the truth. □

ENTITLEMENTS, ARMS, AND TAXES

New York, June 7—In a lively half-hour show, Messrs. MacNeil and Lehrer gathered together four former Secretaries of the Treasury, one of Commerce, who expatiated on their earlier summons to bipartisan action on the budget crisis. The idea (to use rough figures) is to move in the direction of a more balanced budget by cutting, by fiscal 1985, two parts entitlements, one part defense, and by imposing two parts tax increases.

The roundelay was interesting both in what it brought out and what it didn't. Most interesting were the points made respecting Social Security. Peter Peterson, now head of Lehman Brothers, pointed out that the "cruel" figures seldom accosted are that when the Social Security system began, 4 per cent of the American people were 65 or over. Now, thanks to health programs and diminished population growth, we are headed toward 20 per cent who will be 65 or over by the end of the decade.

John Connally came in with the interesting observation that most of those who defend current levels of Social Security disbursements argue that, after all, they're merely getting back what they paid out in the course of their working lifetimes. This, said Connally, just does not happen to be the case. In the next 18 months, the bachelor getting Social Security will be paid a sum of money equal to the entire sum he contributed during his working days. If he is married, *in 11 months* he will have consumed the whole of his contribution. Those figures strike me as startling, and perhaps some allowances should be made for the diminished dollar value of yesterday's contribution. Still, the point registers in any discussion of the equity of the proposed cut in entitlements.

Peterson then observed that at the current rate of indexation, the American people are going to be hit next year by the biggest single tax rise in American history —a 1 per cent increase in the payroll tax, necessary to keep Social Security solvent. Not long ago in this space [*NR*, June 11] I noted Professor Martin Feldstein's calculation that the average American on Social Security is drawing down a sum of money equal, given that there are no taxes to pay, to 93 per cent of the highest pay he made while working. Since writing this I have been corrected by an economist who brings to my attention that if you throw in Medicare, which is free, the benefits come to over 100 per cent of the net take while working.

The figures are merely for the sake of perspective. The Tip O'Neills and Teddy Kennedys of this world speak of Social Security as though they were speaking of the motherhood of apple pie. It would be a good idea if Congress were to pass a law forbidding anyone to come out in favor of maintaining Social Security payments at their current rate without simultaneously coming out for greater taxation of the working class which is financing it. That law would be struck down by the Supreme Court as unconstitutional, but I figure it would take at least a week to do so, and to buy a week of silence from Teddy and Tip would be worth a brief violation of the First Amendment.

But the big question was not put to any of the luminaries, either by Mr. MacNeil or by Mr. Lehrer. That question was: In recommending tax increases of $60 billion, are you making primarily an economic point, or primarily a political point?

Because it was really clear that the latter was the animating drive behind increased taxation. The proposal, let us say, to postpone the third-year 10 per cent tax cut scheduled last year by Congress is primarily for the purpose of being able to say to one's constituents: Look, we've asked you to take a cut in entitlements. But don't think this is unfair, because we are also going to take back some of the tax relief we gave to the rich folks.

Now, any elaboration of that argument tends to founder on analytical rocks. In the first place if you took back only the tax cuts of the very rich, you'd raise only a billion dollars or so, hardly the $60 billion needed. So that the proposal, really, is to reach in and take back tax cuts scheduled for thirty million Americans who are paying more than 25 per cent on the marginal dollar. The proposition that reducing their income helps an economy that needs capital invigoration and felt consumer demand is not a proposition these elders would likely associate themselves with. What they're saying is that economic sacrifice is necessary in order to pacify the demagogic muses. It is a pity that such splendid men as Peter Peterson and John Connally need to speak with forked tongues when the economist yields to the politician. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A means for illumination — 148 127 90 15 186 108 74 173 98

B. To certify — 153 48 128 76 208 136

C. A large city in N.C. — 40 32 60 175 18 71 97 132 160 188 / 3 61

D. A stray — 73 16 191 123 9 162 42 53

E. Old Norse poems — 80 29 167 133 207

F. An insane asylum — 94 72 220 183 103 147 213 195

G. An English earl, 1694–1773 — 124 38 54 82 86 107 112 119 171 193 / 7 14

H. Alcoholic drinks — 131 180 204 63 113 75 196

I. A U.S. general, WW II, who hated rice — 4 12 21 25 37 49 56 117 79 83

J. A man's first name — 165 121 51 64 150 197

K. To incarnate — 177 104 122 210 23 198

L. All excited about something — 187 22 66 11 34 85 93 96 156 164 / 178 201

M. Monkey business by a man born on February 12, 1809 — 216 24 81 114 137 140 168 174 179 192 / 55 206 84 13 65

N. A month — 219 169 211 105 176 68 205

O. Part of the day — 2 27 95 109 120

P. What the U.S. national debt exceeds by sixty billion — 30 217 215 141 1 5 19 39 41 46 / 58 62 146

Q. A month — 47 126 31 139 134 218 212 154

R. Coagulated — 158 36 142 170 106 135 33

S. Relating to descriptive anthropology — 199 17 130 143 118 152 194 35 88 159 / 181 45

T. A hot time — 203 100 91 116 149 166 26 185 6 163

U. A vehicle used to transport goods — 214 59 87 129 77 182 99 102 157 125 / 92

V. An event every morning in the Army — 115 28 89 101 110 161 78 184 202 69

W. One for whom few tears are shed — 209 50 70 200 190 138

X. A borough in Allegheny Co., Pa. — 10 8 111 151 145 172 67 44

Y. What the gambler and the society woman did to the cards — 57 221 52 189 20 43 144 155

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 784 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

					1 P	2 O	3 C		4 I	5 P	6 T	7 G	8 X		9 D	10 X		11 L	12 I
13 M	14 G		15 A	16 D	17 S		18 C	19 P		20 Y	21 I	22 L	23 K		24 M	25 I	26 T		27 O
28 V	29 E	30 P	31 O	32 C	33 R	34 L	35 S	36 R		37 I	38 G	39 P		40 C	41 P	42 D	43 Y	44 X	
45 S	46 P	47 Q	48 B	49 I	50 W	51 J	52 Y	53 D	54 G		55 M	56 I	57 Y		58 P	59 U	60 C		61 C
62 P	63 H	64 J	65 M		66 L	67 X		68 N	69 V	70 W	71 C	72 F	73 D	74 A	75 H	76 B		77 U	78 V
79 I	80 E	81 M	82 G		83 I	84 M		85 L	86 G	87 U	88 S		89 V	90 A	91 T	92 U	93 L	94 F	95 O
	96 L	97 C	98 A		99 U	100T		101V	102U	103F	104K	105N	106R	107G		108A	109O	110V	
111X	112G	113H	114M	115V	116T	117I		118S	119G		120O	121J	122K	123D	124G	125U	126Q		127A
128B		129U	130S	131H		132C	133E	134Q	135R		136B	137M	138W	139Q		140M	141P		142R
143S	144Y		145X	146P	147F	148A	149T		150J	151X	152S	153B	154Q	155Y		156L	157U	158R	159S
	160C		161V	162D	163T	164L	165J	166T	167E	168M	169N	170R	171G	172X	173A		174M	175C	
176N	177K	178L	179M	180H		181S	182U		183F	184V	185T		186A	187L	188C	189Y	190W	191D	192M
193G	194S	195F	196H	197J		198K	199S	200W		201L	202V	203T	204H	205N	206M	207E	208B		209W
210K	211N	212Q	213F		214U	215P		216M	217P		218Q	219N	220F	221Y					

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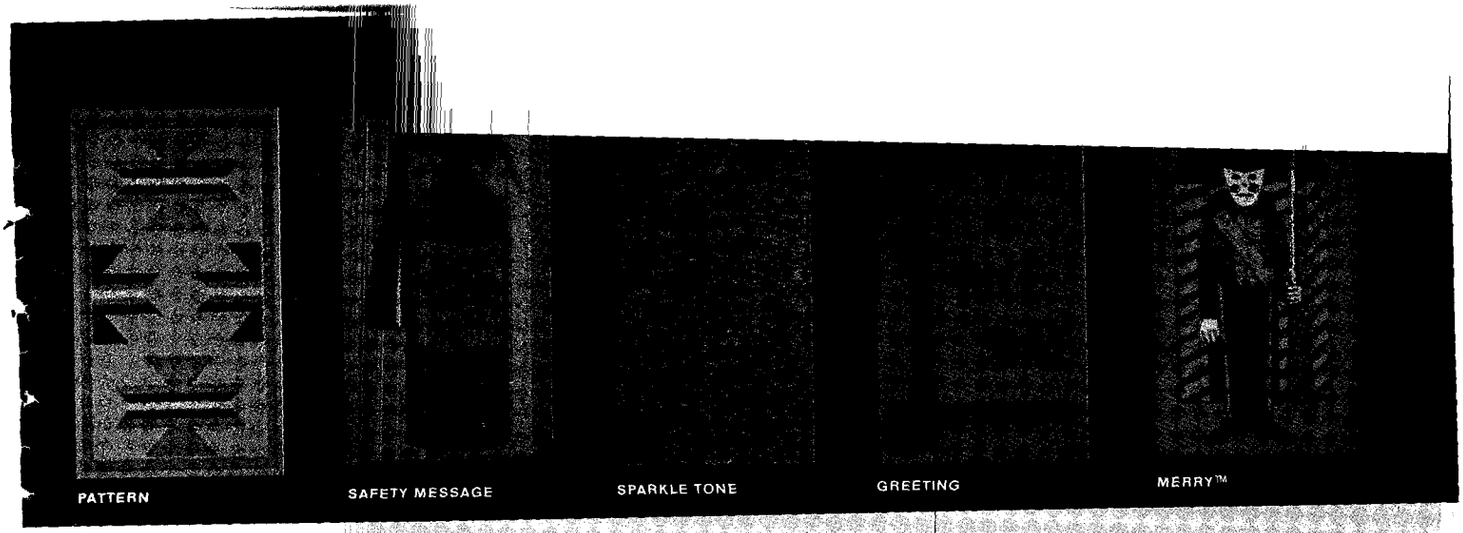
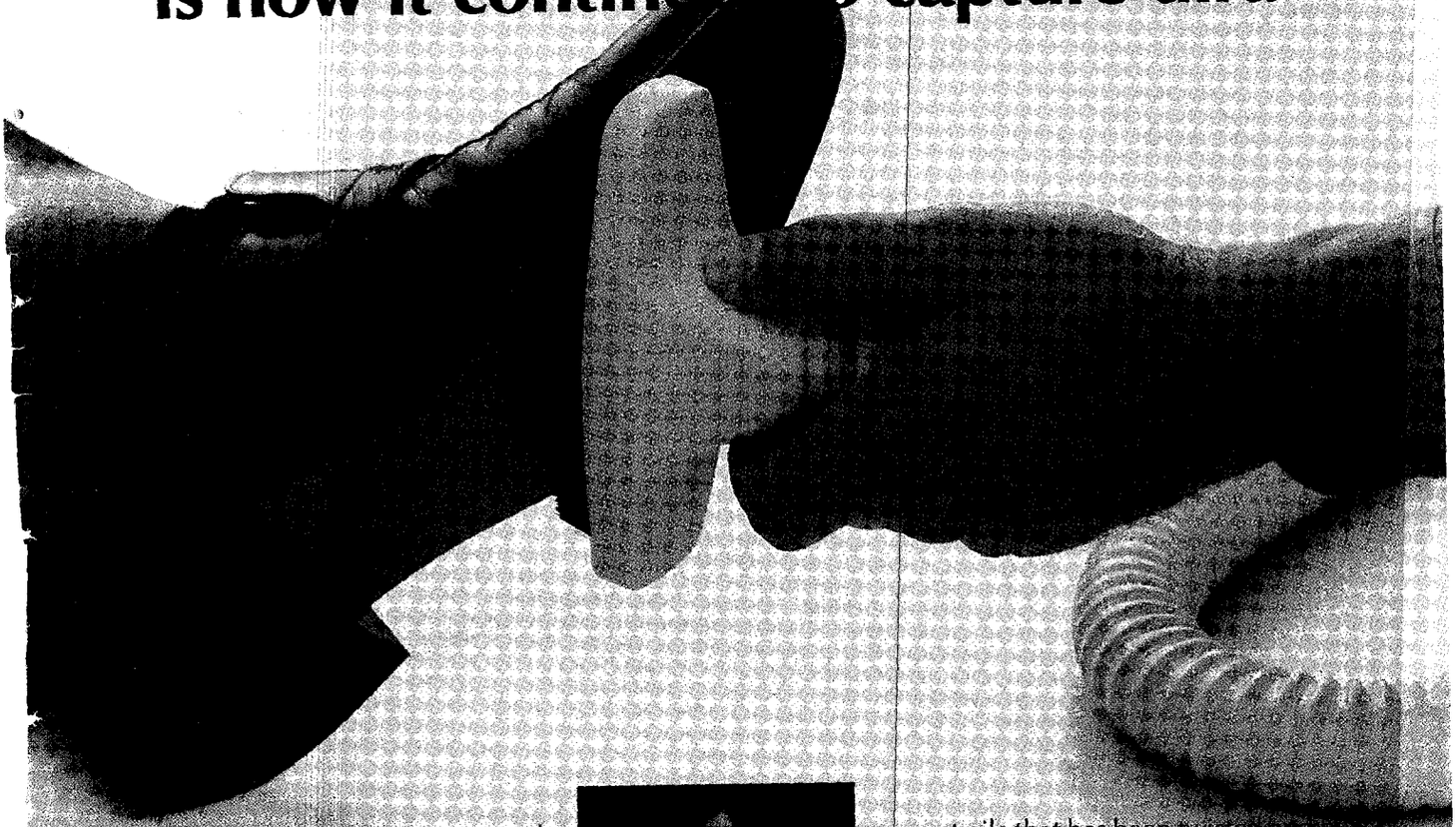


The real beauty of KEX® mat service is how it continues to capture dirt.



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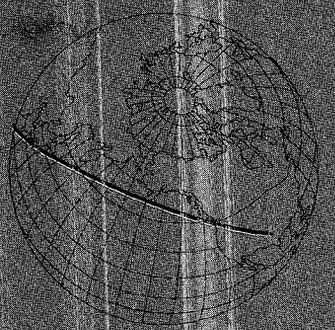

It is the "Great Circle Express," starting in Dallas/Fort Worth and flying a straight line to Seattle, Tokyo, Bangkok. It, like everything else, is extraordinary and Thai.

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